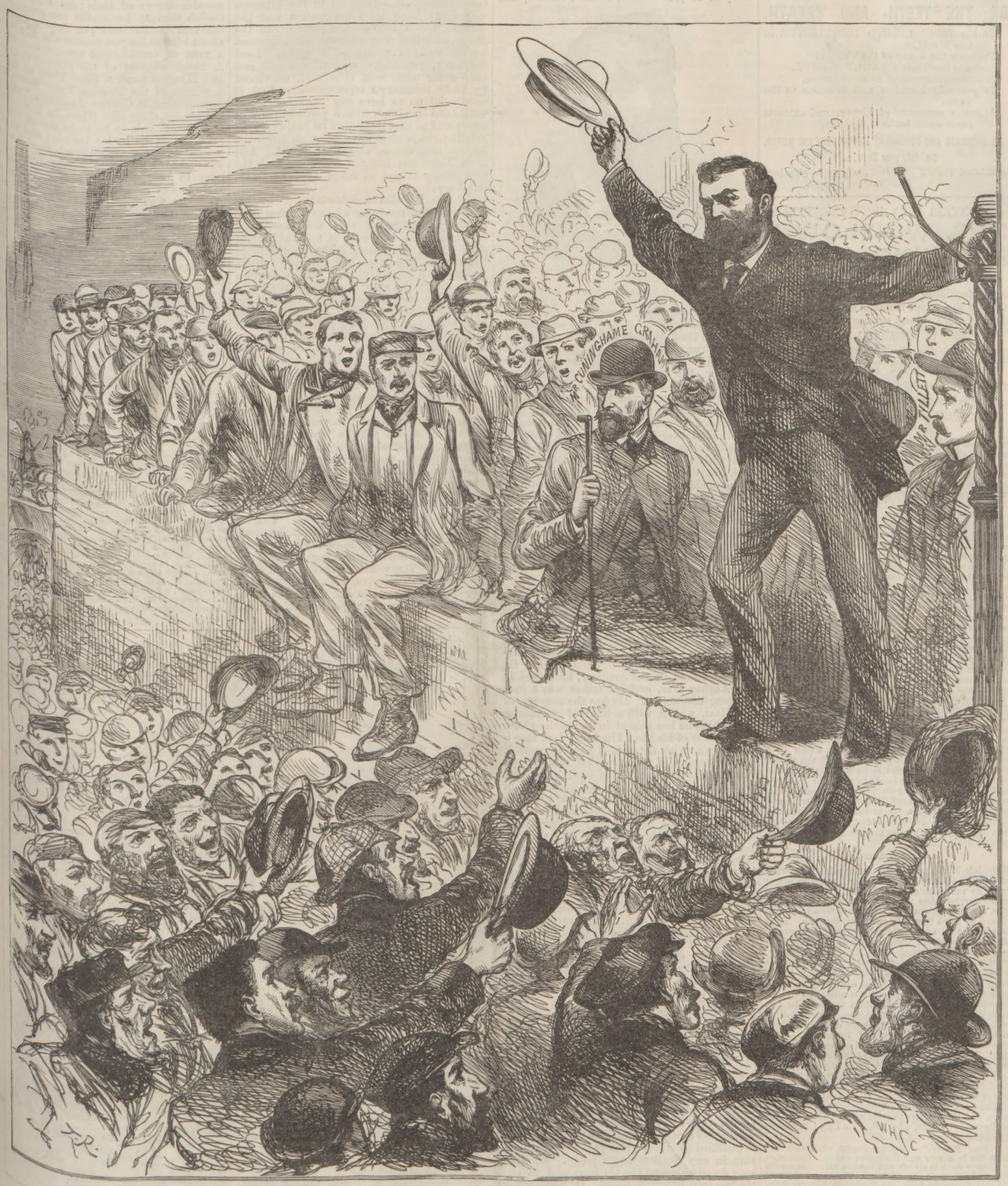
No. 1475—Vol. 57

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

September 7, 1889

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by Thomas Fox, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, aforesaid.



THE GREAT STRIKE OF LONDON DOCKMEN: JOHN BURNS ADDRESSING DOCKERS ON TOWER-HILL.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR HAIRDRESSER FOR
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.
Price 3s. 6d. per large Bottle.

FLORILINE
FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.
Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.
Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.
Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
2s. 6d. per Bottle.
FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER, only put in glass jars. Price 1s.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,

Greatly facilitates the process of Teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation; will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is
SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.
Depend upon it, Mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and
RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.
Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.

HOW BILL CARTER WON THE ALBERT MEDAL.

THE Queen has been graciously pleased to confer the decoration of the Albert Medal of the Second Class upon William Carter, A.B., of the barque Gettysburg, of Aberdeen. The following is an account of the services in respect of which the decoration has been conferred:—

The Gettysburg was lost by striking on the Morant Cays on the night between March 31 and April 1, 1889, while on a voyage from Monte Video to Pensacola, seven of the crew being drowned. The sea during the night washed over the ship and over the remaining nine of the crew, who, however, managed to hang on to the wreck until daylight, when William Carter and seven men managed to reach a rock which was seen above water at the distance of about 500 yards. The master of the vessel tried to follow, but was injured and exhausted, and the sea was so strong that he was knocked down, and would have been drowned had not Carter returned and carried him to the rock.

Carter afterwards swam out and secured part of the topmast and yard, lashed them together, and with assistance brought them ashore, where they were formed into a raft. The nine men left got on the raft, and with small pieces of wood commenced to paddle to the nearest island, distant a mile and a half, Carter and another seaman at times swimming alongside and directing the raft, which was frequently turned off its course and sometimes upset, owing to the heavy sea which was running at the time.

Carter and six others subsequently swam to a larger island, a quarter of a mile distant, the former returning the next day and assisting the master and a seaman, who were seriously injured, to reach it. The survivors of the shipwrecked crew remained on the larger island till April 21 last, when Carter and others manufactured a larger raft, on which two of the crew sailed to Jamaica, a distance of thirty-two miles, in two days, whereby the rescue of all the men was ultimately effected.

English Noblemen and Australian Investments.—English noblemen are beginning to invest largely in real estate in Australia. The Duke of Manchester, who has paid many visits to the Antipodes, first set the example, which has been promptly followed by Lord Rosebery and Lord Brassey. Lord Carnarvon, too, owns city property in Melbourne, and has an estate in Western Australia. But long ago Lord Sherbrooke, then Mr. Robert Lowe, barrister-at-law, of Sydney, had purchased landed property in New South Wales, some of which he holds.

The Population of London cannot go on much longer without great danger of the spread of serious epidemics unless greater attention is given by the people themselves to effective drainage and ventilation. The new Wintour Ventilator appears to be a great improvement on previous inventions. It is perfectly simple, inexpensive, and cannot get out of order. A stuffy nursery, dining-room, office, or bedroom may be kept pure and fresh day and night by one of these useful little appliances, which may be affixed inexpensively in a pane of glass, and works without any direct draught. It can be seen at the Building Trades' Agency, 10, Baker-street, Portman-square, W.; and orders may be sent to The Wintour Ventilator Syndicate, Limited, New City Chambers, 121, Bishopsgate-street Within.

"A NEW POISON."—Sherbet coloured pink with red aniline dye is a new and dangerous poison. Caution.—ENO'S FRUIT SALT (a simple and natural saline) is always useful, and can never do any harm. The value of Eno's Fruit Salt cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it. Examine each bottle, and see the capsule is marked Eno's Fruit Salt: without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless and occasionally poisonous imitation. Prepared only at Eno's Fruit Salt Works, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.—[ADVT.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to the Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

PERSONAL POLITICS

John Burns

is, after all, the hero of the week. Say what you will of him, no one can help admiring the pluck, the fortitude, the physical and moral courage which this one leader, with an army of 100,000 to lead, victual, control, and

MR. JOHN BURNS.
THE DOCKERS' LEADER.

inspire, has displayed during the four weeks of the great strike. It has been a herculean task, and there is something herculean about John Burns. Not about his height, for he is a shortish man. But the great breadth of shoulder, the strength of arm and muscle, the bold, deep-set black eye, and the frank, open face all give you the sense of leadership. And then the voice! It is the most tremendous organ, except Mr. Bradlaugh's, to which I ever listened. Burns's oratory is rough, colloquial, but also plain and clear, and with touches of pathos and eloquence, and, above all, of keen, dry, homely humour, which make him an ideal speaker to workingmen. Personally, he is a very good fellow—a lifelong teetotaler and non-smoker, a book-lover, and passionately attached to his pretty, dark-eyed young wife, who shares all his work and troubles, and is to be seen every day at the centre of the Strike Committee in Jeremiah-street.

Mr. Champion.

Burns is, as I have said, the generalissimo, the marshal, the inspirer, and leader of the strike; but I am inclined to think that Mr. Champion is very largely its organising brain. Mr. Champion is a very singular personality. He is a man of good birth. He was an officer in the Artillery, he served in the Afghan War, and his father was a man of some distinction. He has the manners of his class, united with a kind of persuasive tact which he has gained in the curious later experiences of his life. His keen, dark face is a soldier's, with a touch of the diplomatist. Mr. Champion is a born—what' shall I say? His enemies would say intriguer; his friends would say manager. With his knowledge of men, his enormous powers of work, his quick eye, clear head, forcible style, and belief in himself, he has undoubtedly a formidable equipment for the business of political manœuvring. But he is, no doubt, something more than this. He holds a kind of loose Socialism, and he believes in the possibility of building up a new labour party on the ruins of old political combinations. To secure this he is quite willing to bargain with this party or that, and, if necessary, to play off one against the other. Champion likes this kind of work, and does it well. Some say that he does it unscrupulously, but all admit that he does it cleverly. He is a first-rate journalist, and a very agreeable man.

The Liberal Leadership.

By-the-way, there has been a good deal of talk lately about the Liberal leadership, or, rather, the reversion to it after Mr. Gladstone's withdrawal from the scene. I think I may say that an arrangement has been quietly arrived at by which Sir William Harcourt is to be the man. He is to lead the Commons, and Mr. Morley is definitely out of it. I can't say I am surprised at the result. Mr. Morley has not been a success in politics off a certain line, nor do I think he is qualified to attain a real position of leadership in any Parliamentary party. What he may do outside—on the platform and in the study—is a different thing. Of course, Sir William is no more an ideal leader than Mr. Morley; but he knows the House better, and ideal men do not come to either party more than once in a blue moon.

Lady Salisbury.

I think, perhaps, it is correct to say that at this moment the fortunes of both parties, so far as the future leadership is concerned, are largely undecided. Lord Randolph is no doubt making a fresh bid for the Tory leadership, but I do not think he will succeed, if only for one reason, namely, that Lady Salisbury is bitterly opposed to his ever again finding a place in her husband's Cabinet. Lady Salisbury is a very remarkable woman, and what she says she generally means. Interfering very little, and never openly, with politics, she takes a good deal of interest in Conservative organisation, and she has her opinion on most matters connected with the party. And Lady Salisbury very early made up her mind that Lord Randolph was no true friend of the Tory Party and no safe member of the Tory Government. She resented in the bitterest way Lord Randolph's resignation and the way in which he communicated it to the *Times*, and the story goes that she expressed her opinion in pretty plain terms. Lord Salisbury, personally a good-natured and easy-going man, was, it is said, convinced by Lady Salisbury's representations that it would not do to have any further dealings with Lord Randolph from a political point of view; and to that resolution he has, in all the negotiations which have gone on since the famous resignation, steadily adhered. And Lord Randolph has not forgotten that the first enemy is not so much Lord, as Lady, Salisbury.

The Lord Advocate.

Among the successes of the Session it is generally recognised that the new Lord Advocate takes very high if not the highest place of all. Perhaps it is the more brilliant because Mr. Robertson had the good fortune to succeed a partial failure. Mr. Robertson is personally the very opposite of the Right Hon. J. Macdonald, his predecessor. Nothing could be more ludicrously unlike than the huge bulky form, the jolly, red, good-natured face, the awkward, lumbering walk of Judge Macdonald, and the neat clothes, smooth-shaven face, dapper compact figure, and bright alertness of Mr. Robertson. The men are as unlike mentally as they are physically. Mr. Macdonald's orations were almost as rough and formless as his appearance; Mr. Robertson is the model of a polished, subtle, fluent Scotchman, with a lawyer's incisive clearness, a debater's capacity for seeing and making points, and a certain neatness and finish which come with a long and brilliant practice at the Scottish law courts. Mr. Robertson is a great figure, and already his friends are talking of him as if another Erskine had dawned upon the world. That is, no doubt, an overestimate of Mr. Robertson's powers; but, in his own lines, there can be no doubt that a politician promising real eminence has arisen. The worst of it is that all these clever men are lawyers, and, somehow, the very cleverest lawyer in the world was never quite one's ideal of what a politician should be.

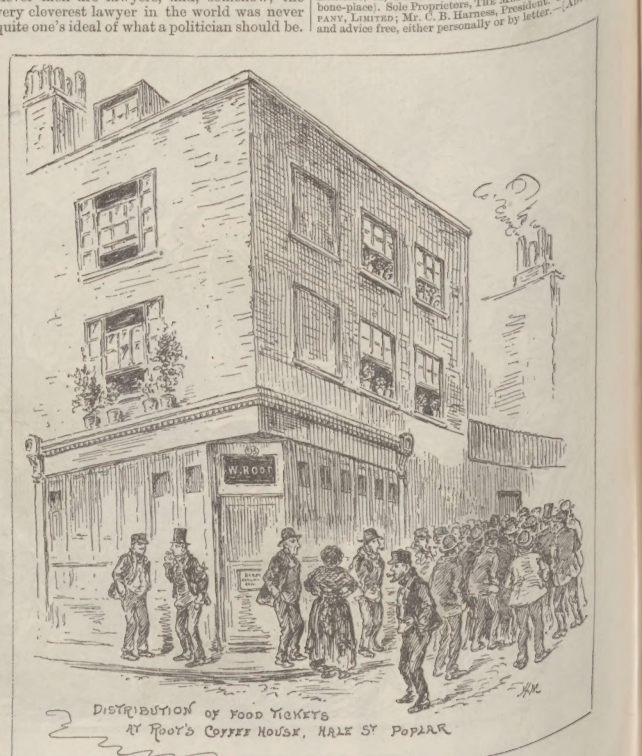
Mr. Conybeare.

The country is still talking a good deal of Mr. Conybeare, and Mr. Conybeare is talking a good deal about himself. Every day his trusted friend and confidant, Colonel Fludyer, receives a long letter from the prison telling with minuteness the day-by-day story of the wrongs of the member for Camborne. There is no doubt that Mr. Conybeare would have done a good deal better if he had suffered in silence; but silence is not the way of the elect of Camborne: he cannot, and never will, be silent or still. He is the most absolutely restless and untiring of men; he works from morning to night; he conducts a huge correspondence; he is always introducing (when not in prison) Bills, asking questions, and he never omits to answer any opponent. He commits the worst possible errors of taste; he says the most foolish things; he makes the greatest mistakes in tactics; and yet there is something about him which you cannot but like. He is a man of considerable mental endowment. A blood relation of the famous Conybeare and Howson fame, a First Class at Oxford, a winner of the English Prize Essay, there is something in Charles Augustus Vansittart Conybeare after all. Then, he is absolutely sincere. Rough as he is, he means what he says; he stands by his friends; and he is far too indiscreet ever to do much good for himself and his own interests in politics. If he lives to be ninety, he will be exactly the same sort of man as he is now and as he was when he was a boy speaker at the Oxford Union. Conybeare will be Conybeare to the end of the chapter.

Mrs. Gladstone's Day.

The other day I met Mrs. Gladstone, with Mrs. Drew by her side, returning from a drive round the strike district. My companion, who happened to know her well, raised his hands in astonishment. "Did you ever know such a woman!" he said. "All yesterday she was packing up for the Paris visit. She got to London at three, and here she is all over the East-End at five. To-morrow she will be marching through the Paris Exhibition. You cannot tire her." And indeed Mrs. Gladstone looked as fresh and animated as if she had just returned from her holiday instead of beginning it. Strong as Mr. Gladstone is, his wife is still stronger. He may look fagged after a speech or a reception; she, never. She is perpetual youth embodied. "*Quelle maîtresse femme!*" as the French say. THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

THE THOUSANDS OF MEN AND WOMEN who have tried the effect of wearing HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT are delighted with the speedy, natural, and comfortable relief of cure afforded in cases of nervous weakness, lumbago, brain fag, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, liver and kidney disorders, &c. All in search of health and strength should write at once for book of testimonials, or call and see these genuine curative appliances scientifically tested at the Electropathic and Battery Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place). Sole Proprietors, THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, LIMITED; Mr. C. B. Harness, President. Consultation and advice free, either personally or by letter.—[ADVT.]



THE GREAT STRIKE OF LONDON DOCKERS.
Sketched by our Special Artist.

FACTS AND FACES.

MR. HENRY BROADHURST, M.P., has proved himself for many years past to be such a stanch friend and champion, in and out of Parliament, of the labouring classes, to which he belongs, that it needed not the lusty cheers that greeted him on Monday at the Dundee Trades Union Congress to vindicate him from the aspersions lately cast upon him and brother labour M.P.'s most undeservedly. In the "Battle of Life" working-men should march shoulder to shoulder, knit together steadfastly by the ties of a common mission—that of gaining a fair day's wage for a fair day's work, and at the same time securing that due period of rest and recreation essential to the preservation of mental and bodily health. This is the praiseworthy object of the established Trades Unions, which on Monday sent a cordial message of sympathy to the army of London dockers on strike, but which naturally condemned the irrational issue of the "general strike" manifesto, since judiciously cancelled. Mr. Broadhurst has done yeoman's service in the people's cause, and it is right that his self-sacrificing labours should be remembered. The fact that Mr. Gladstone appointed Under-Secretary for the Home Department in his last Administration is the son of a journeyman stonemason, and he worked in that capacity himself till 1872. Mr. Broadhurst sat in Parliament for Stoke from 1880 to '85, and has since then sat as M.P. for

MR. HENRY BROADHURST.

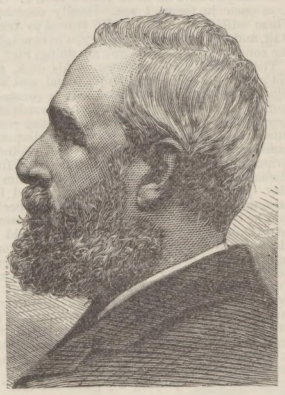
the Bordesley Division of Birmingham, and now for West Nottingham. With Mr. Burt, Mr. Broadhurst is justly esteemed in the House of Commons by all save the shallow-pated few who sneer at a man for dropping the letter h, or for using it where it is not wanted. The great reception accorded to Mr. Broadhurst at Dundee showed that his brother Trades Unionists retain full confidence in their trusty Parliamentary secretary.

"Pearce and Plenty."

The well-known Farringdon-street *restaurateur*, Mr. Pearce, adopting the above punning motto, has joined the body of practical philanthropists who, are good-naturedly aiding Mr. Sydney Smith, M.P., to stem the tide of starvation that threatened to set in round the Docks. This addition to the stream of benevolence did not surprise me. I had the pleasure some time ago to call attention in these columns to the monthly supper of roast beef and plum-pudding given by kind-hearted Mr. Pearce (after the style of Victor Hugo in the Channel Islands) to the poorest School-Board children of his district. It was in the same laudable spirit that Mr. Pearce on Monday made glad the hearts of the dockers on strike by generously distributing among them basins of soup and loaves of bread in large quantities on Tower-hill. This proved one of the finest sights, and one of the most heart-stirring, of the struggle. Evidently, "Pearce and Plenty" should take the place of Mr. Norwood.

A Royal Composer.

Several Royal personages have devoted themselves to musical composition, but few with the success which promises to reward the ambition of King Oscar of Sweden and Norway. Music



KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN.

has been in high favour there for many years, and the Norwegian composer Grieg, who visited us last season, is becoming a classic. Vocalists and instrumentalists are also received warmly at the capital of Sweden. King Oscar has given serious study to operatic composition, and has written an opera, "The Castle of Kronberg," the score of which appears so promising that the managers of the opera-houses at Stuttgart, Aix-la-Chapelle, Königsberg, Nuremberg, Halle, Breslau, and one or two other cities have announced the opera for representation. The King has evidently pursued his studies earnestly—Mozart, Weber, Meyerbeer, and other great opera-composers have been his models. But his Majesty is not indifferent to the charms of melody; and, in order to give a national character to the songs and choruses, he has sometimes thrown aside the cares of State to take long boating and hunting expeditions where he might have a chance of hearing the homely songs of the people. Some whimsical tales are told of his musical adventures. On one occasion an attendant found

The King at a Tavern Door,

listening with evident delight to the roystering chorus of a jovial party inside. It is also reported in musical circles that, being rowed across a stream by a pretty ferry-girl,

His Majesty Kissed the Maiden,

so charmed was he with a simple old ballad she sang in cadence to the plashing of the oars. We shall probably hear in the course of a few weeks something more about "The Castle of Kronberg." Let us hope King Oscar will have a happier fate than King Ludwig of Bavaria, who was crazed with the "Music of the Future," and would allow no one to be present when he heard an opera.

Colonel North's Eltham Palace.

Colonel John T. North, the "Nitrate King," is considerately doing all in his power to lessen the pressure of "hard times" in the district in which he lives. He is having a veritable palace built on the site of his former cosy dwelling, Avery Hill House, Eltham; and I am informed by Mr. Thomas Cutler, the clever architect of the grand new mansion, that a thousand men, all told, are employed on the work, comprising a regiment of builders and art workmen, marble-masons, decorators, and art workmen of every description. I had the privilege of going over the new building the other day with the hospitable Colonel, whose stately château will certainly be ere long one of the finest show-places in Kent. It will be the home of luxury and comfort—a true Palace of Delight. In addition to the great marble Picture Gallery in which are to be enshrined the splendid battle pictures of Sciuti, and a choice selection of specially painted pictures of heroic size, there will soon be completed a magnificent Conservatory worthy of comparison with the Palm House of the Botanical Gardens, a beautiful Sculpture Gallery, and every adjunct the refined taste of Mr. Cutler could suggest. Deservedly popular for his personal qualities, Colonel North will in a few months' time possess a home regal enough even for a "Nitrate King."

COLONEL NORTH.

The Goose in the Pulpit.

The extension of the Metropolitan Railway to Chesham, in Buckinghamshire, has opened up a beautiful country, full of historic associations and charming old-world life. Until the recent opening of the railway it was an out-of-the-world district, although not unknown to some famous authors. Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Froude, the historian, were frequent visitors to Chenies, the ancient seat of the Russells, where fine trout-fishing may be had in the silvery little river the Chess. At no great distance is Harefield, where, in 1602, Good Queen Bess visited the Lord Keeper Egerton, and Shakspere's new play "Othello" was performed in her Majesty's honour; and a little farther is Chalfont St. Giles, where Milton retired during the Plague to finish "Paradise Lost." It seems strange to find these villages with only half the population they had in the time of Elizabeth; but they are delightful places for the rambler who wishes to escape from the roar of the Modern Babylon. Stopping at Chenies the other day, I was told a story of Great Flaunden, a village now gone to decay, the church having fallen into ruin. Years ago a Curate used to come from Berkhampstead, five miles away, and give the villagers a sermon about twice a month, but the rev. gentleman had missed one Sunday, owing to stormy weather. When he came again, the dame who kept the keys of the church said, "I'm very sorry, Sir—

The Goose is Sitting in the Pulpit.

I expect she will hatch in a day or two. You had better not go near her, Sir; she's dreadful if you disturb her." "But I have not preached for nearly a month." "Very sorry, Sir," said the old dame, "but I must have those goslings for my rent." A sadder and a wiser man, the Curate went back to Berkhampstead; and the score or so of villagers at Great Flaunden waited for their sermon until the next Sunday; but

"Parson Goose"

has become a Buckinghamshire legend wherewith to delight the tourist.

"A Hell of a Time."

It is not always wise to be the happy possessor of a monkey and a parrot at the same time. An owner of these animals came home one day and found the monkey decked with red and green feathers, but he did not find the parrot for a long while. At last the bird appeared from an obscure corner, plucked bare save a single tail-feather. He hopped upon his perch with such dignity as he could muster, and said, with infinite pathos, "Oh, we have had a hell of a time!"

Good Old Parrot.

A stutterer once asked the man who offered a parrot for sale if it "c-c-c-can t-t-t-talk." "If it could not talk better than you I'd wring its neck!" was the indignant reply.

THE PROMPTER.

PEARS "NOT IN IT!"

THE American *Boot and Shoe Recorder* is responsible for the following story: A young couple well known in Leavenworth, Kas., made a contract to be married on Saturday evening, the ceremony to occur in the show window of a Delaware-street shoe merchant, who agreed to furnish the contracting parties their shoes for the next five years for the exhibition. Fully two thousand people collected in the streets to witness the performance, but at the last moment the bride weakened, and the pair took train for Atchison, where it is presumed they were married at the house of a friend.

DOCKERS' CHILDREN WAITING FOR BREAKFAST IN WEST INDIA DOCK ROAD

Sketched by our Special Artist.

BENSON'S

"LUDGATE" WATCH

Is Better Value than any non-Keyless English Lever ever made.

SILVER CASES. GOLD CASES.

£5.5 £12.12

HIGHEST AWARD, GOLD MEDAL, INVENTIONS, 1885, WAS AWARDED TO

BENSON'S "LUDGATE" WATCH

(Patent No. 4658).

THREE-QUARTER PLATE ENGLISH LEVER WATCH of BEST LONDON MAKE, with Chronometer Balance, fully Jewelled, and of special strength throughout.

Made in Four Sizes:—Gentlemen and Youths (as illustrated), Working Men generally, specially large for Miners and Railway Men, and extra small for Ladies.

In Sterling Silver Crystal Glass Cases, **£5 5s.** In 18-carat Gold Crystal Glass Cases, Gentleman's size, **£12 12s.** Lady's size, **£10 10s.**

Guaranteed for Strength, Accuracy, Durability, and Value.

BENSON'S

"BANK" WATCH.

A thoroughly Good and Strong Keyless English Lever.

SILVER CASES. SILVER CASES.

£5 £5

A Silver ENGLISH LEVER, KEYLESS, THREE-QUARTER PLATE Movement, Compensation Balance, Jewelled in Rubies, in Strong Sterling Silver Crystal Glass Cases, **£5.**

Thousands of both these Watches are now being worn in all parts of the world, and Testimonials are received at the Factory daily as to their splendid performance.

On receipt of P.O.O., payable at G.P.O., we forward them free and at our risk to any part of the world.

BENSON'S

GEM JEWELLERY.

Splendid assortment of Pearl and Diamond Rings on View.

Constant production of New Designs in Brooches, Pins, Bracelets, and Silver Art Work.

For further particulars see Benson's New ILLUSTRATED BOOK, containing Illustrations of Watches from £2 10s. to £500. Jewellery, Clocks, Presentation and Domestic Plate. The largest and most Complete Catalogue published, free on application to

J. W. BENSON, MAKER TO THE QUEEN,

62 & 64, LUDGATE-HILL,

LONDON.

And at 28, Royal Exchange, E.C., & 25, Old Bond-st., W.

BENSON'S CLUBS. Application for Agencies invited.

The Dead Body of Mr. Sewell, a well-known Free Methodist local preacher, of Holbeach, Lincolnshire, was found on the railway near Holbeach on the 30th ult. It is supposed that the deceased was crossing the line and was killed by a goods train.

The Chess Season in London commences this month. On Monday, Sept. 16, Mr. Blackburne, the famous blindfold player, will give an exhibition of blindfold play at the City Club, "Salutation," Newgate-street; on Tuesday, Sept. 17, the secretaries of metropolitan clubs will hold their annual meeting to arrange matches for the season; and early in October the mammoth City Chess Tournament will be commenced. For this contest over one hundred competitors have already entered, including twenty well-known first-class amateurs.

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you:—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What HUDSON'S
Will do in an hour.

Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep a good colour if washed regularly with HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]

A GAME OF BLUFF.

BY HENRY MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "MONKEY MEPHISTO," AND JOINT AUTHOR OF "A DANGEROUS CATSPAW."

CHAPTER XV.

RALPH entered the room with a quiet "Good day, Sir," and stopped with a well-acted astonishment at sight of Arkinstall's face. The old man was livid with anger, and his eyes were bloodshot under his iron-grey brows.

"You infernal scoundrel!" he broke out, and stopped, choking for further speech.

"May I ask what has occurred, Sir?" asked Ralph, still quietly. "You seem excited."

For sole answer Arkinstall held out to him the forged bill, which rustled like a dry leaf in his shaking hand.

"I am sorry, Sir," said Ralph, "that you have become aware of this business. I should have preferred to have kept it from you. But I own that I do not understand your anger—unless you think that I can't meet the bill, and must let Tom in for it. I have met it. I paid Martin the money this morning, and here is the receipt."

He proffered the document as he spoke.

"This bill," said Arkinstall, striking it heavily as it lay in his extended hand, "is a forgery."

"Where is he?" "In jail," answered Arkinstall.

Ralph looked at him as if he thought that he had suddenly gone mad.

"It's a forgery," reiterated Arkinstall. The young man's face of calm surprise so shook his conviction for the moment that he felt it necessary to repeat the words, and his voice was louder and his manner more angrily assured than before.

"Are you ill, Sir?" asked Ralph, deepening the concern on his face and advancing a step.

For a moment the calm insolence of this query almost put the elder man beside himself. By a tremendous effort he quieted his internal tempest.

"This bill," he said again, holding it out, "is a forgery, committed by you upon your cousin."

"Am I really to understand, Sir," asked Ralph, after a moment's pause, during which he steadily kept his eyes on Arkinstall's face, "that you seriously intend that as a charge against me, to be seriously answered?"

"Yes," said Arkinstall. "That is precisely what you are to understand."

Ralph made a hopeless gesture with his hands, as if renouncing effort to comprehend the situation.

"Spare your melodramatic tricks," said Arkinstall. "You may want them in the dock. If you have anything to say, say it now."

"What *can* I have to say?" asked Ralph, with a repetition of his former gesture. "If you want a statement of the facts of the case, in answer to this amazing charge, I can give you that. Tom, as you are aware, offered to advance me the money to pay my debts. I was ashamed to own their real extent, and I told him they amounted to three hundred and fifty-six pounds. As a matter of fact, they were nearly a thousand. Tom gave me the amount I asked for. It would have been enough to keep my creditors quiet, for a time at least; but"—— He paused, and hung his head for a moment, and then went on, with a well-assumed effort: "I lost most of it at the club, at cards. I was desperate, Sir. I didn't know which way to turn. I wrote out that bill, and tried half a dozen different men with it. None of them would do it. I came back here, and found Tom just starting. I confessed my difficulty to him, and he signed it. I didn't take it to the bank, because you are one of the directors, and I feared that you might see it, and—— Well, Sir, you can guess why I wished to keep it secret from you. I have a great deal to be ashamed of, but at least I am not—not what you think me. That is the whole story, Sir; and I can only ask you to look at it as kindly as you can, for—for Elsie's sake." He spoke those last words with his head bent, and so low that they hardly reached the old man's ears.

He had suffered horribly in recognising the necessity of this string of lies, and in arranging it, and in screwing up his courage to the point of facing Arkinstall; but now that the moment had come the greatness of the stake he played for and the imminence of the danger of losing it so strung his nerves that he acted his part superbly. Nothing less than the absolute and unshakable conviction of his guilt which Arkinstall felt could have withstood that simple, true-sounding, lying recital.

"I don't believe one word of it," said Arkinstall, in a choking voice. Ralph's reference to Elsie hit him hard, and his daughter's face rose before him—not bright and happy as he had seen it that morning, but white and stained with the secret tears she had so proudly hidden from him a month ago. How would she bear this shame? The thought of the misery he must needs inflict upon her so tore his heart that he dug his nails into his palms and groaned aloud.

A knock came at the door. It was repeated, and Ralph went and opened, standing aside in surprise at the sight of Blake, the village constable, and his son, a burly wheelwright, in his working dress.

"I shall want you in a moment, Blake," said Arkinstall, growing suddenly calm. "Wait in the hall, if you please, and come when you hear me ring." The men withdrew. "Sit down!" continued Arkinstall, pointing to a chair beside the table. Ralph obeyed, and Arkinstall set before him a sheet of paper. "Write at my dictation, 'I, Ralph Arbuthnot Purden——'"

Ralph laid down the pen he had taken up.

"Pardon me, Sir," he said with unaltered calm. "May I ask the object of this instrument?"

"You will write a full confession of this crime, and a promise to leave England within four-and-twenty hours of this moment, for a term of ten years, in consideration of the sum of five hundred pounds which I shall pay to you."

"I really don't see my way," said Ralph, "to confessing a crime I have not committed. I have no desire to leave England for any term whatever, and I don't want the five hundred pounds."

He spoke like a man wearily impatient of an uninteresting farce in which he somehow found himself forced to bear a part.

"You refuse?" asked Arkinstall. Ralph shrugged his shoulders. "I give you one minute to decide."

He drew out his watch, and kept his eyes fixed upon the dial till the minute was passed. He rang the handbell on his desk, and the constable entered with his son behind him.

"I give this person"—he pointed to Ralph with a steady forefinger—"into custody on a charge of forgery, committed on his cousin, Sir Thomas Purden, whose agent and representative I am."

The men stared, open-mouthed, from accuser to accused. Ralph rose with a little laugh.

"You appear surprised, gentlemen. I assure you that you have no more reason than I. You have come in force, I see. Hardly necessary. There will be no fight." He turned to Arkinstall, and said gravely, "I hope you have weighed the consequences of what you are doing, Sir?"

The old man had sat down at his desk, and did not move or answer. Ralph found and lit a cigarette, took up his hat, and with a courteous motion to Arkinstall, whose back was towards him, preceded his astonished captors from the room. One cannot deny that he played his desperate game with a good deal of courage and coolness. Arkinstall was a very different adversary from Michael, but Ralph had not expected him to play quite such high cards as arrest and imprisonment. As he marched along into Becksford he took stock of the situation. He would be examined and remanded. That would be distinctly disagreeable, but he thought it would end this phase of his troubles. Arkinstall would not dare to carry the affair as far as the assizes. Tom was clean out of reach, and without his evidence no jury in the county would convict a man of Ralph's position on the authority of the experts. Arkinstall would see that. He was only bluffing. As to Elsie, Ralph felt certain that nothing short of the testimony of an angel from heaven would convince her of his guilt.

"Arkinstall is playing my game for me," he said to himself. "The poor child will only love me the more for having suffered injustice."

There was, at least, as much gall as honey in the thought.

Arkinstall was not a man much given to speculating on the wisdom of his accomplished acts. He did his thinking first, and acted afterwards; and he had as few regrets regarding these actions of a long and busy life as fall to the lot of most men. He was convinced of the young man's guilt, and would hold that conviction until he found better reasons than Ralph's denials for revising it. He did not repent of having given the criminal into custody, though he would greatly have preferred to have finally got rid of him by the payment of the five hundred pounds which Ralph had rejected. He could only pray that in doing an act of stern justice he had not smitten his own child too heavily. The wonder how Elsie would bear the terrible news he must take to her filled his mind as he returned to London. Would this final proof of the utter worthlessness of the man she loved wean her affections from him, or would she still cling to the villain in defiance alike of reason and duty? One thing only was certain to the father's mind: she would suffer terribly. Such a shock might even kill her. The words he had used to Ralph came back to him now with a more awful meaning. "If it comes to breaking the child's heart in one of two ways, I'll take the shorter."

He could, at least, congratulate himself on the prompt action by which he had put Elsie out of the way of being troubled by local scandal and gossip which such an event as Ralph's arrest could not fail to make rampant in Becksford.

He got to the hotel in Piccadilly as the dusk was falling, and found Elsie and Mrs. Frost together in a private sitting-room. The old lady was sewing, and Elsie making a pretext of being busied with a book. They had exhausted conjecture as to the possible explanation of their sudden spiriting away to London, and had touched on all possible and impossible reasons without either suggesting the name of Ralph. Both their minds had flown in that direction, and Elsie had passed a miserable time in wondering what new obstacle an unkind fate had thrown in the way of their loves. Her first glimpse of her father's face as he entered the room told her that whatever might be the news he brought it was serious indeed. She sprang up and ran to him, as he stood just within the doorway, looking haggard and strangely old of a sudden. He put his arms round her, and for a minute or so replied to her rapid questions only by mute caresses.

"You must be brave, my darling. I have bad news for you."

"Is it Ralph?"

"Yes," said Arkinstall. "Whenever did trouble touch you, except by that villain's fault?"

"Papa!"

"He is a villain, Elsie! a black-hearted, double-dyed villain!"

The girl set herself free of her father's arms by a single swift motion.

"What have you to say, papa?" she asked coldly, seating herself again. The colour in her face and the quick flash of her eyes showed that she would have found another answer than that cold query had the speaker been other than her father.

"You must forget him, my child," said Arkinstall. "You must forget that you ever heard the scoundrel's name."

"Will you tell me why I must do all this?" she asked, with both anger and scorn in her voice. "I am getting tired of hearing Ralph attacked and vilified."

"He is a villain!" repeated her father. "A thief! Good God!" he broke out as Elsie rose and faced him with a sudden impulse of anger at that last word, "that I should live to say this of the son of my old friend, of Tom's cousin, of the man you love!"

His pain and shame were so obvious that they stayed the girl's anger and stirred her pity.

"How can you believe such things of Ralph, papa? Why do you pain yourself and me by repeating them?"

"It is true, Elsie. Do you think I believe such a thing willingly, that I would torture you in this way on mere suspicion?" He took the bill from his pocket, and held it out towards her with a shaking hand. "Look!"

She took the scrap of paper, and read it, with no understanding even of the meaning it would have borne to any business mind.

"Tom never wrote that signature. It is a forgery. Ralph forged it."

"There is some dreadful mistake," cried Elsie. "Papa, bring Ralph here. Let me see him. He will explain. I am sure he would explain. It is horrible to accuse him of such things behind his back! Where is he?"

"In jail," answered Arkinstall.

Elsie turned deathly white, and almost fell. She caught at the curtain of the window, and stared at her father with wild eyes.

"My poor child," said Arkinstall, miserably, "I would have spared you if I could. The man's a villain. I charged him with the forgery this morning, and offered him his freedom if he would confess and leave the country. He would not, and"——

"Confess!" broke out Elsie, trembling now with renewed anger. "Confess! Ralph confess himself a thief! You are mad, papa! Ralph in jail!—I will go to him! He shall know that at least I believe him innocent. Some villain has done this, some wretch who wants to ruin Ralph. What are you crying for?" she angrily demanded of Mrs. Frost, who sat on the sofa tearfully wagging her head. "You believe it too? You too all against him. There's a perfect conspiracy against the poor boy. But I'll go to him, and show him there's one creature in the world who believes him innocent."

She took her hat and jacket from the table, when Mrs. Frost rose and ran to her.

"My poor dear child, what can you do? Do you think your father would break your heart by saying such things if he didn't believe them? Look at him. It is he who needs comfort, Elsie. You can do no good to Ralph. If he is innocent he will prove it, and your father will be the first to offer him his hand."

"Ay! that I would," said Arkinstall. The deep misery readable in his tone reached his daughter's ear, and did more than Mrs. Frost's words to restrain her from the enterprise she meditated.

"It is all a mistake," she said calmly, though already her father's emotion and Mrs. Frost's tears had begun to set to work the poison of doubt in her heart. "I may write to him, if I cannot see him."

Arkinstall looked on wretchedly as she sat beside the table. She was unconvinced. But the time of conviction must come—and then——

Ralph's examination took place next day. The magistrate, Sir James Stanhope, an old friend and neighbour of the family, held a conference with Arkinstall in his private room, and was eloquent about the necessity of avoiding scandal. Arkinstall exposed the state of the case fully. He owned the improbability, amounting almost to impossibility, of Tom desiring his cousin's public prosecution and disgrace, but pointed out that he, as Tom's accredited agent, had a free hand during his principal's absence. If he abandoned the prosecution and set Ralph at liberty, the scoundrel would work again upon his daughter's feelings, perhaps even persuade the child to an elopement or a secret marriage. He was firm, unshakable.

His evidence was enough to ensure the

manding of the case. During the examination Ralph held a folded letter in his hand. It was from Elsie, as the old man guessed. Ralph's bearing was admirable throughout, and when he left the room in custody Sir James made no secret to the prosecutor of his belief in his innocence.

Arkinstall carried the bill to three experts in handwriting, known to him and to the public as being frequently called upon to give evidence upon oath in such cases before the Courts. Two of them unhesitatingly pronounced the signature a forgery, the third was doubtful, but inclined also to that belief. Arkinstall took this testimony to his daughter. She heard it in dead silence, and he could only guess its effect upon her mind.

They had many acquaintances in London, and in a day or two calls became frequent. Among the first comers was Doctor Palgrave. Arkinstall confided the story to him, and the doctor resumed his former course of unobtrusive observation of the girl's manners and bearing. She was quiet and reserved, and had grown strangely calm and womanly in the few hours following her knowledge of Ralph's arrest, with a serene, cold self-possession which none had ever remarked in her before. Her gaiety was gone, but she seemed cheerful, and would have given a stranger rather the idea of a woman of five-and-twenty, who had endured some heavy trouble, than of a girl of seventeen in acute suffering.

"She thinks him innocent," said Arkinstall, "and believes he will prove it. What effect will it have upon her when she is forced to believe him guilty?"

A hard question for any man of science to answer. Still, there was comfort in Palgrave's reply.

"I think she is beginning to doubt. If she were quite certain of his innocence she would affect high spirits, or pester you to drop the prosecution, or both by turns. She doubts, and conceals her misgivings under that quiet manner."

"But when she *knows*—and she must know soon—what will she do then?"

"God knows!" said Palgrave, with a sigh. "In any case, it is best that she should learn to think him guilty by degrees. If you had convinced her at once the shock might have deranged her reason—might even have killed her. It's a bad business at the best, but it might have been worse. For one thing, she's in fifty per cent better physical condition than when I first saw her. I don't *think* there's any fear of dangerous consequences. Let the conviction that she has made a mistake in giving this scamp her affections work quietly, and by the time he's sentenced she'll be cured. She's not the girl to go on loving a convicted thief."

(To be continued.)

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

London begins to Refill

at the commencement of September. The advance-guard of the army of holiday-makers is returning from the Paris Exhibition and Swiss Lakes and Mountains: from Scottish Lochs and unqualified Hydropathic Establishments; from overcrowded Margate and the verdant Emerald Isle; and those London managers who are not touring, like Mr. Wilson and Mr. Thorne, are rubbing their hands with delighted anticipation of full treasuries to come. Mr. Willard, as I chronicled last week, was the first to feel the spell. Actor and author alike may be congratulated afresh upon the well-merited triumph of Mr. Jones's strong new play of "The Middleman," at the Shaftesbury. Messrs. A. and S. Gatti will be next in the field with a novelty. Mr. William Terriss and Miss Millward appear for the last time at the Adelphi to-night in the ever-popular Irish drama of "The Shaughraun," in which Mr. J. L. Shine rattles through Mr. Boucicault's old part with infinite "go" and humour. If a week devoted to the final rehearsals of the brand-new melodrama of

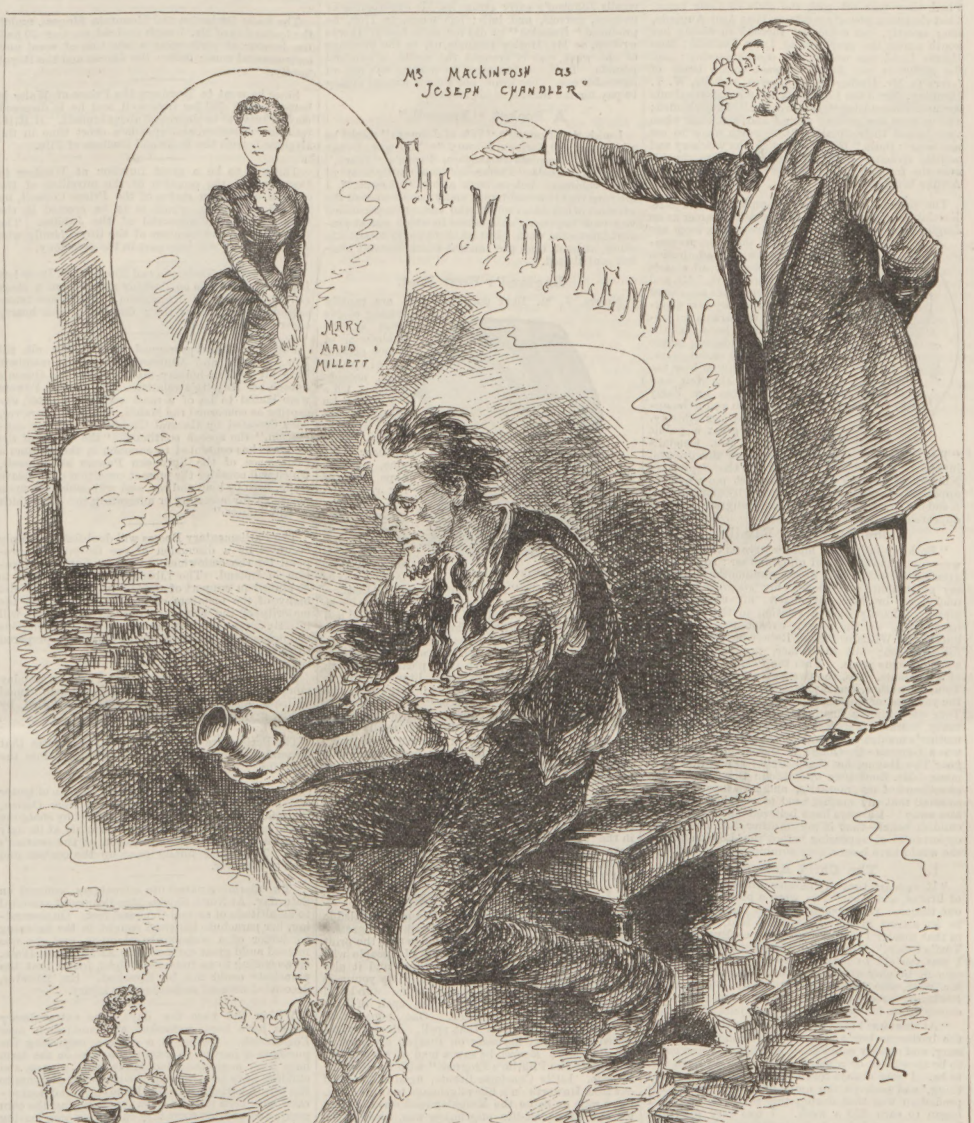
"London Day by Day"

will suffice to put the finishing touches on the play, the latest example of the handiwork of Mr. G. R. Sims and Mr. H. Pettitt will see the footlights at the Adelphi in a very short time. I can vouch for one thing: Mr. George Alexander is cast for a good part, in which he will nobly champion an unjustly aspersed damsel in distress, and will in the end defeat the villanous machinations of one Marius. There will be a murder in "London Day by Day"; and the dramatists will introduce to us realistic scenes of Leicester-square by night; also street-life episodes such as delighted us in the "Lights of London"; likewise the deck of a Transatlantic steamer as faithfully copied as was the man-of-war in "The Harbour Lights." The same author's unprecedentedly successful burlesque of "Up to Date" terminates its prolonged run at the Gaiety this evening; and Miss Farren and Mr. Fred Leslie are to reappear on this favourite stage—so Mr. Abud tells me—on Sept. 21, in the latter's new burlesque, "Ruy Blas, and the Blasé Roué," favourably received at the Birmingham Grand last Monday. After the 21st is the date also fixed by Mr. Augustus Harris for the reopening of the renovated National Theatre, Drury-Lane, with the grand new cavalier and Roundhead spectacular drama of "The Royal Oak," I trust, with "Carados," that the first night" of the drama or of the burlesque will be changed. An earlier night in the month (the 12th to be exact) is to witness the reappearance of Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree at the Haymarket in Mr. Robert Buchanan's adaptation of "Roger La Honte," to be named "A Man's Shadow," and to be very strongly cast by Mr. Tree. Ere September ends, probably on the 29th, Mr. Henry Irving will present his admirers with a fresh sensation in the shape of the Lyceum's picturesque revival of "The Dead Heart," upon which the Lyceum Company is now engrossed.

Mr. E. S. Willard

has achieved such instant success by his powerful creation of the character of Cyrus Blenkarn in Mr. Henry A. Jones's new play of "The Middleman" that the accompanying sketches of this deservedly popular Actor-Manager and of his chief associates in the piece will to a certainty be welcome to all play-goers, who have long recognised and admired the histrionic genius of Mr. Willard, a thorough artist in all he earnestly undertakes. This great actor has achieved his high reputation by throwing himself heart and soul into every part, villanous or otherwise, he has created. No one is held in greater esteem by "first-nighters." No one merits public esteem more than Mr. Willard does. With a force of character rare in "the profession," he has fought his way to the front with inflexible resolution, and has individualised a host of strongly marked characters which have impressed themselves upon the memory like cameos. The wonderful intensity of Mr. Willard's style may be studied to advantage in his powerful life-portrait of Cyrus Blenkarn, the artist-potter, in "The Middleman," at the Shaftesbury. Cyrus Blenkarn is made the incarnation of the artisan-genius, whose inventiveness and self-sacrifice too often enrich greedy manufacturers, while the patient inventor is left poor in purse. Cyrus Blenkarn steadfastly pursues his investigations with the devotion of a Palissy (from whom Mr. Jones partly copied the character). Wealth at first has no charm for him. He is solely intent on wresting a lost ceramic secret from the furnace—till a domestic catastrophe falls like a thunder-bolt upon him. This is the flight from home of his best-loved daughter, the sweet Mary from whom, in his most despairing hours, he has ever gained fond sympathy. It is a magnificent outburst, that in which Cyrus Blenkarn, stricken by the sad news of Mary's betrayal by his master's son, Captain Chandler, first appeals to the crafty and purse-proud manufacturer to undo the wrong by persuading his son to marry the girl he has led astray. The suppressed energy with which, his appeal made in vain, Cyrus takes an oath to revenge himself upon the heartless master, evokes a storm of applause. But it is in his great scene in the Firing-house that Mr. Willard makes the deepest impression. Left with but one daughter now and her faithful lover to comfort and aid him, he is sorely tempted by the cunning Chandler and his manœuvring factotum to barter his services and the new discovery he is slaving by night and day to make. He scorns their temptations; and, though beggary stares him in the face, though fuel has been exhausted, perseveres in his quest, and, with the humour of the moment, and deals tersely and fairly with the relations of artisan and "middleman," that *bête noire* of working-men. Generously prompt to acknowledge the services of the capital company he has collected round him, Mr. Willard on the first night referred with a refreshing absence of managerial vanity to their valuable assistance. The hard, matter-of-fact, calculating character of Joseph Chandler is delineated to the life by Mr. Mackintosh. He is hit off in our Artist's drawing as he appears when addressing a gathering of electors in his grounds—an excellent bit of humorous character-painting this on the part of Mr. Jones. Charmingly winsome and natural is pretty Miss Maude Millett as the Mary Blenkarn who comes back in the end to cheer her father, now enriched and prosperous, as the bride of Captain Chandler (Mr. Henry V. Esmond). A delightful companion-picture of her naive sister Nancy is supplied by Miss Annie Hughes, whose brusque love-making with her constant sweetheart, Jesse Pegg (cure of laughter in the hands of Mr. E. W. Garden), furnishes the comedy that relieves the serious interest. Let it be repeated that Miss Agnes Verity is similarly captivating and fresh as Maude Chandler; that Mr. H. Cane makes a capital Batty Todd; and that Mrs. E. H. Brooke, Miss Josephine St. Ange, and Miss Eva Moore add to the effectiveness of "The Middleman," which is certain to enjoy a long and prosperous run at the theatre, directed by Mr. Willard and Mr. John Lart.

Mr. Alfred Cellier's English Opera "Doris," melodious though its music is, has not sufficed to fill the handsome new Lyric Theatre, in which many



MR. WILLARD AND HIS COLLEAGUES IN MR. H. A. JONES'S SUCCESSFUL NEW PLAY, "THE MIDDLEMAN," AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

empty seats were to be seen last Saturday night, albeit *chic* Miss Marie Tempest, graceful Miss Amy F. Augarde, honey-voiced Mr. Ben Davies, and that pet of the fair, Mr. C. Hayden Coffin, and Mr. J. Furneaux Cook never sang better, while the rich drollery of Mr. Arthur Williams and the arch comedy of Miss Alice Barnett and Miss Harriet Coveney were keenly relished by all who were present. For early comers, a new one-act musical piece was forthcoming, entitled "Love's Trickery," libretto by Mr. Cunninghame Bridgman, and airs by Mr. Ivan Caryll, the *chef d'orchestre*. It proved a diverting little piece, and it was acted with sprightliness; the motive being the ruse of a couple of young Englishmen to gain admittance, disguised as foreigners, to the house of Lady Daffodil. There they pair off with the girls of their heart. That charming young songstress, Miss Amy Augarde, sang sweetly, but could not succeed in hiding her youth under the grey wig of Lady Daffodil; Miss Hettie Lund was worthy her companionship; and the seductive pair found a sweet-voiced brace of lovers in Mr. Herbert Sims Reeves and Mr. W. T. Hemsley. Mr. John Le Hay raised a laugh as a comic servant. The amusing "curtain-lifter" was applauded; and so were the smiling author and composer when they bowed their thanks. It is worth while to see and hear "Doris," if only to relish the witchery and artistic vivacity of Marie Tempest, and to chuckle over the funniments and "gag" of the chief jester, Arthur Williams.

The personal charm and exemplary life of Mrs. Kendal, in addition to her distinguished career as an English *comédienne* of the foremost rank, long ago won for this gracious gentlewoman the admiration and esteem of all classes of theatre-goers. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are numbered among the very few members of the dramatic profession who have had the honour of playing before the Queen in recent years; and we all know how the virtues of the fair and gentle actress are likely to have been and to be appreciated by her Majesty. Being so great a public favourite, Mrs. Kendal's "Recollections" cannot fail to be of the greatest interest. They are commenced in the September Number of *Murray's Magazine*. Let me whet the appetites of my readers for "more" by quoting Mrs. Kendall's frank account of her pedigree and first appearance:—

MRS. KENDAL.

The Robertson Family.

"Both my father and mother were on the stage; so were my grandfather and grandmother: so were my great-grandfather and great-grandmother; so were my great-aunts and uncles, my *simple* aunts and uncles, my brothers, my sisters, my nephews, my nieces. I hardly have a relation in the world that hasn't been on the stage, except the new-made knight, Sir William Tindal Robertson, the member for Brighton: but his father, my uncle, was an actor for some years. I am the twenty-second child of my parents. Yes, the twenty-second. My brother Tom, the author, was my father's eldest son. I am the youngest of the family. I never knew my brother Tom except as a man grown up—such a great many brothers and sisters came between us. My mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Marinus. She was a German—the name is Dutch. She was born near The Hague, but her parents really were Germans. Mr. Buckstone was at one time, I believe, a sweetheart of my mother's, and he was so thin and so small that my mother used to say she could blow him away! I always have believed—perhaps it is a childish belief—that if my mother had had a fair opportunity of appearing before the London public, she would have been a very shining light indeed."

The Child Actress.

"It appears that my mother wrote to Mr. Chute, of Bristol, and said: 'You were a poor actor once in our theatre: you have now one of your own: let me be an actress in it.' Mr. Chute said, 'Yes'; and in that theatre I was brought out as Eva in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Then came a blank in my life, when I was too old to play children's parts, and not old enough to play women's. I was about fifteen when Mr. Wild, who was a partner of Mr. Buckstone at Bradford, came and heard me sing, and insisted on engaging me for the burlesque boy's part of Rasselas.

"At this time I used to play parts in the first piece, the burlesque boy's part in the second, and then I sang, and nobody could discover whether I was going to be an actress or a singer, or what my future was to be. I was always told I was 'going to be something,' and perhaps the most tangible result of the prediction was that during this period of my life I began to earn £10 a week. I was very glad and happy, because I then took my father and mother off the stage, and never allowed them to act again.

Mr. Arthur Roberts, who is very fond of driving, had the misfortune last Saturday night to be thrown out of his trap near Leicester. The popular comedian, starring in Richard Henry's amusing "Lancelot the Lovely," was so severely injured as not to be able to appear that night. I trust Lancelot is himself again now.

In the erection of the People's Palace Mr. Walter Besant saw the realisation of his daylight dreams; and should Sir Philip Sidney revisit the glimpses of the moon he would probably wend his way to Merrie Islington to take a peep at "Arcadia," where everything is pretty and pleasant. Ferns and flowers, coloured lights and Chinese lanterns, leaping fountains and falling waters, merry music and happy faces charm and delight one at every turn. Richardson's Show, with its thrilling drama of "The Sister's Murder and the Forger's Doom," has found another home; but here, on the central stage, in "Jack Robinson and his Monkey," broadsword combats are fought, matrons are abducted, and babies are tossed about like toys. Here, too, accompanied by the rippling laughter of the riders on the Switchback Railway, serio-comic ladies sing, aërial acrobats fly through space, skaters pirouette, Amazons shoot, and the little Eshardo girls gracefully contort their boneless bodies. To Sydenham for fireworks, but to Arcadia for waterworks! Now the waters dance in a series of rainbow lights, now they assume the tint of sparkling Burgundy, now there seems a torrent of golden sherry, and now a cataract of green Chartreuse, till one fancies oneself in Nüremberg, with Mephisto turning on the taps. But one by one the lanterns pale, the band of the Honourable Artillery Company strikes up "God Save the Queen," and a pleasant entertainment is over.

THESPIS.

BOOK LOVERS' GOSSIP

"Rasselas."

THE latest volume of Cassell's National Library—that excellent series of sixpenny volumes which Mr. Mundella has told us is his daily and evening delight—is Johnson's "Rasselas." I don't know that you can buy a much better—you certainly cannot buy a cheaper or a handier—edition of "Rasselas" than Professor Morley has here given us. One often recalls Johnson's early struggles, his experiences of patrons, garrets, and jails; but when, in 1759, he produced "Rasselas" he did not do so badly. It was written, as Mr. Morley reminds us, in the evenings of one week, and it brought the author a hundred pounds. True, the incentive to writing was not an agreeable one. The grand old Doctor wanted money to pay for the funeral of his mother.

A Pocket "Boswell."

I wish that Boswell's "Life of Johnson" might be added to the "National Library." You may already acquire a complete Shakspere, Pepys's "Diary," and Langhorne's "Plutarch," in a multiplicity of small volumes. Let us have also a "Boswell." I am sure that it would tempt many people to read the greatest of all biographies who cannot be persuaded to attack the formidable tomes in which one at present knows the work. But let there be no notes, none other, at least, than the handful which Boswell himself contributed.

England's First Poet.

Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co., who are rapidly coming to the front as the publishers of choice classics in elegant form, notably with the "Temple Library," are about to bring out a little Chaucer volume, which I hope some of my readers will be persuaded to purchase. It is Mr. John Saunders's abridgment of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" and the same writer's "Pictures of English Life in Chaucer's Time." The two books were originally published by Charles Knight, and had a great run of popularity. They should not be less popular when reproduced, as proposed by Messrs. Dent, in one octavo volume, because Chaucer is growing in popularity. It is a pleasure to turn from the introspective, analytical literature of our time to his freshness and freedom. However, one cannot give a complete "Chaucer" to every bread-and-butter Miss; so Mr. Saunders, without actually Bowdlerising—*that* is one of the seven deadly sins—has given us the best parts of Chaucer in pleasant form, and the new edition of his book should be a present or a prize to every intelligent boy or girl one knows.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Chaucer's Life.

If you want all the latest light about Chaucer, be sure you read Mr. A. W. Ward's "Life of Chaucer" in the "English Men of Letters Series." You will have to unlearn much that was contained in early books, published when the Chaucer Society and the Early English Text Society were undreamt of.

"The Pilgrim's Progress."

In their "Popular Library" Messrs. Routledge have just published Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." One's first impression of the edition is that the print is too large; but no, there are many old people who will be only too glad to have it thus; and it also makes a capital present for a child. The youngest urchin will be able to spell out the wonderful allegory, and to come under the spell of the inspired tinker of Bedford. One hopes that we have all come under that spell. Macaulay rejoiced when, after his essay on Bunyan appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, he saw a man at his club re-reading "The Pilgrim's Progress" with the essay by his side. Little Charlotte Brontë, aged six, started out from Haworth on a like pilgrimage to Christian's, but a mile or so on the Keighley road was sufficient for one whose all-life pilgrimage was, alas! to be rough enough.

TATLER.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

HER MAJESTY has visited the newly married pair, and has received them at Balmoral. It was on Saturday last that her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, and the Duke of Fife, K.T., visited the Queen and the Royal family, and remained to luncheon. They were met at the Bridge by Dr. Profeit and her Majesty's pipers, keepers, and gillies, by whom they were escorted to the Castle. The Queen is expected to reside in Scotland till November, when the Court will return to Windsor Castle.

The Swiss Orchestra and Mountain Singers, under the leadership of Mr. Joseph Seebold, on Aug. 30 had the honour of performing a selection of vocal and instrumental music before the Queen and the Royal family.

Since he went to Homburg the Prince of Wales is better, but is still far from well, and he is disposed (says *Truth*) to be depressed about himself. H.R.H. returns to London, and spends a short time in the Highlands with the Duke and Duchess of Fife.

There is to be a great function at Windsor in December on the occasion of the unveiling of the colossal equestrian statue of the Prince Consort, by Sir Edgar Boehm, which is to be erected in the Great Park as a memorial of the Jubilee. The Queen and all the members of the Royal family who are in England will take part in the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and the Rev. H. Drew left Hawarden for Paris on Tuesday morning on a short visit to the Paris Exhibition. Many spectators assembled to witness their departure, and hearty cheers were raised.

Parliament was prorogued on the 30th ult. till Nov. 10 next, and Ministers and private members have all gone a-holiday-making. In the Queen's Speech her Majesty's relations with foreign Powers were stated to be of a most cordial character, excepting as concerned the Mahdi, who had, however, been defeated by General Grenfell. "At my suggestion," the speech continued, "the King of the Belgians has consented to summon in the autumn a Conference of the European Powers at Brussels, which will consider the present condition of the slave trade, both by land and sea, and will deliberate upon measures for arresting or mitigating the evils which it still inflicts."

The Parliamentary Recess will doubtless be mainly occupied by a discussion of the Government proposal for the endowment of higher Catholic education in Ireland. The Liberal Unionists are said to be agreed in support of the Government, as are also many of the members of the Opposition; but the majority of the Nonconformists in Parliament will bitterly oppose this further step in support of religious endowment. The Parnellite members are prepared to go with the Government.

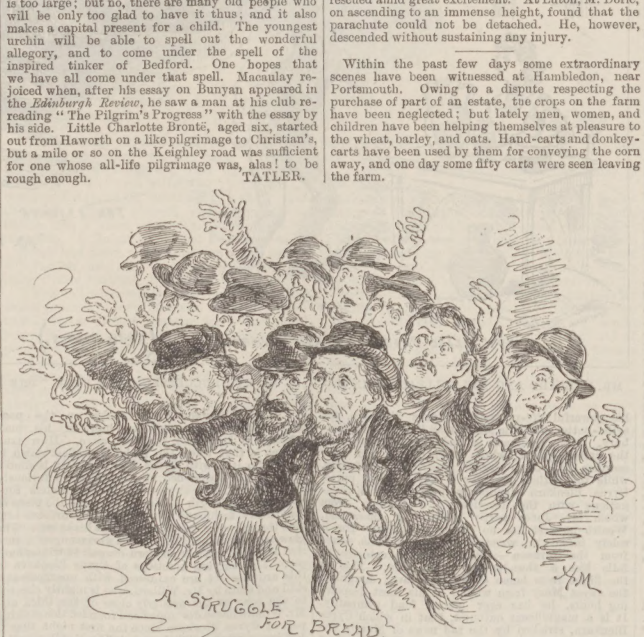
A terrific thunderstorm raged at Tralee on Monday morning for nearly two hours. A young man named Sullivan, aged twenty-five years, was killed by lightning in his garden near the town.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* states that General Boulanger will return to France before the elections.

An account of an engagement between an alligator and an English sparrow is reported from Darien, Georgia. The 'gator provoked the fight by snapping at the bird, which, in turn, flew furiously at its ugly antagonist, aiming with precision at the saurian's eyes. The 'gator finally gave up the contest and took to the river.

Two alarming parachute adventures occurred on Saturday. At North Shields Miss Beaumont ascended to an altitude of several thousand feet. On descending, her parachute hangings caught in the lightning conductor of a waterworks chimney, and she was rescued amid great excitement. At Luton, M. Doric, on ascending to an immense height, found that the parachute could not be detached. He, however, descended without sustaining any injury.

Within the past few days some extraordinary scenes have been witnessed at Hambledon, near Portsmouth. Owing to a dispute respecting the purchase of part of an estate, the crops on the farm have been neglected; but lately men, women, and children have been helping themselves at pleasure to the wheat, barley, and oats. Hand-carts and donkey-carts have been used by them for conveying the corn away, and one day some fifty carts were seen leaving the farm.



Sketched at the Dockers' Relief House by our Special Artist.

President Carnot appears to strengthen his position as President of the French Republic with every fresh step he takes. His speech at the grand Paris festival to the Mayors of France was in the best of taste, and so was his reception of those magnates at the Elysée. On Saturday last President Carnot received a deputation of the English firemen, under Major Heath, who were accompanied by the Committee of the French Firemen's Federation. The Englishmen presented to the President a British flag decorated with the French colours, and bearing the inscription "In remembrance of the Exhibition and the Firemen's Congress of 1889." M. Carnot expressed his thanks in a few appropriate words, and before the deputation withdrew ordered a champagne lunch to be served to them. After partaking of the déjeuner the men were conducted over the Palace, and afterwards walked about the forest. They are not likely to forget the graceful hospitality of President Carnot. Long live the Republic!

The venerable Archbishop Manning has endeared himself anew to Londoners by his benevolent efforts to bring the dockers' strike to a close.

The London dockmen have been greatly supported by public sympathy and public cash while standing out for a less scanty wage. The leaders have had the sagacity to withdraw the unjustifiable manifesto calling upon all workmen to strike. On Monday last another demonstration took place in Hyde Park. The procession of dock labourers, starting from the East-End at eleven o'clock, arrived in the park at about three. Mr. Burns, Graham, Mr. Mann, and Mr. Cuninghame Graham, M.P., addressed the men, who adopted a resolution expressing their determination not to give way. At a mass meeting of the strikers on the south side of the Thames it has been decided to form a separate strike committee. Sir Donald Currie and his brother shipowners on Monday strove to overcome Mr. Norwood's pernicious obstinacy by proposing that the Dock Company should allow the shipowners to pay the men directly the terms they asked. But Norwood and Co. proved inflexible on Tuesday. They might act upon this suggestion in future, but could not at present. What should be done to the stumbling-block, Norwood, when so competent an authority as Sir Donald Currie assured him:—

We believe we can get it done; we have very good reason as practical men to believe that we could get it done in our own way. If it was left in our own hands individually and separately, in our own way of working, we believe we could settle this question and restore to the whole trade of London all the business facilities which its position and ancient renown demand.

Sheerness and the Isle of Sheppy were visited on Tuesday morning by one of the most terrific storms experienced within the past twenty years. The storm lasted four hours, and the roll of thunder was almost continuous; while the vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the country for miles around, rain fell in torrents, and the streets were flooded. A ship laden with timber is believed to have been wrecked in the North Sea, as large quantities of her cargo have been washed ashore at Sheerness. Considerable damage was inflicted on the crops in the rural districts.

ATHLETES FIND INVALUABLE
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
MOTHERS FIND INVALUABLE
MOTHERS IN THE NURSERY.
MOTHERS IN THE NURSERY.
MOTHERS IN THE NURSERY.
MOTHERS IN THE NURSERY.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ALL MEN FIND INVALUABLE
ALL MEN SOME TIME OR OTHER
ALL MEN SOME TIME OR OTHER
ALL MEN SOME TIME OR OTHER
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S FOR RHEUMATISM.
ELLIMAN'S FOR LUMBAGO, SPRAINS.
ELLIMAN'S FOR CUTS, BRUISES, CHEST COLDS.
ELLIMAN'S FOR SORE THROAT FROM COLD.
ELLIMAN'S FOR STIFFNESS FROM OVER-EXERTION.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. Prepared only by ELLIMAN, SONS, and CO., Slough, England.

THE RACING WORLD

Chitabob's two Victories

in the North quite changed the prospects of the St. Leger. At first, when the Malton crack came out after his long retirement, people were inclined to attach only slight importance to his win. At York he showed us that he could get the Sellinger distance —a point of the very greatest importance, and was immeasurably superior to the opposition, such as it was. For all that I look to

Donovan to win the St. Leger.

The Duke of Portland's colt has been doing well since we last saw him out. George Dawson has kept him steadily preparing for the big Yorkshire event, and no horse could possibly be better, or have had a more satisfactory time. In common with other old hands, I always fear the chances of the final week's training, because too often the finishing touches in the shape of hard gallops lead to mishaps. Still, as old Harry Jennings used to say, it is better to break them down on the trial grounds than on the course, because if they go to pieces before the day of the race you probably save money for which you would back them on the day. The only doubt about the Derby winner is whether his wind is all right. Some of the touts swear hard and fast that

The Derby Hero is a Bad Roarer.

Per contra, quite as many horse-watchers, amateur and professional, who have ample opportunities for judging on the subject, quite ridicule the statements of the other party. The colt

Always was Thick-Winded,

they admit, but as for roaring, that is all nonsense—at least, in their opinion. He may be a roarer, you know, and yet win after all, as did Kilwarlin, who certainly made a noise, and Ormonde, whose infirmity was at least developing very fast when Archer got him home. I shall take all risks on this head, and stand on my old favourite as most likely to add another rich stake to the Duke's big winnings.

Chitabob Ought to Beat all the Rest,

if recent public form be of any account. Practically, the issue appears to be left between the two favourites. I make Mr. Perkins's handsome horse my second choice because as a two-year-old he was certainly ahead of all, save, perhaps, Donovan, and he has given us ample demonstration that he has come back to his earlier form, or, at least, is getting towards it. The fine weather is all in his favour, though his friends will be always worried till the race is over, because his rheumatism may once more disable him at any moment. I was not so greatly impressed with his Great Yorkshire Stakes victory as were most of the spectators. To hear the Yorkshiremen talk on the strength of his easily defeating Pinzon when in receipt of four pounds you would have fancied that

Donovan was Wiped Out

altogether. "When was Donovan scratched?" I modestly asked a Malton trainer who appeared to have forgotten that there was such a horse. Not only has Donovan to be vanquished ere Chitabob takes St. Leger honours, but the Yorkshire champion must be got fitter a good deal. He will not be indulged with a faltering, slow pace next Wednesday—at least, I shall be vastly surprised if he is—and will have to beat horses with much better pace than Pinzon. Still, I think he will be a formidable rival to Donovan, and is sure to be second best if he does not go wrong.

Anything can get Third.

Minthe had been amiss before York, and did very little work that might be called training ere meeting Antibes. Really, if Mr. Vyner's mare is a little lucky in getting forward during the next few days, she might gain a place.

Newmarket's Place Selection is Enthusiast,

a customer I hardly regard as a stayer. He won the Two Thousand by a fluke, for Donovan was not himself at all on that day, and has been disappointing

The Start from Putney for the Long-Distance Amateur Swimming Championship.

since. Still, the Newmarket talent look on Enthusiast as the pick after Donovan. Gay Hampton is improving, and some of his best form is to be made out as very good indeed. Mr. Low, the genial American millionaire, is a sportsman to whom we all wish the best of good luck. Much distinction for Gay Hampton in the Leger is, I am afraid, too much to expect. Davenport will stay the distance all right, but hardly at sufficiently good pace. Miguel now is not likely to get notice from Mr. Ford, the judge. His performances since the Derby have not sustained the reputation he then earned; but I am told that he was knocked about a good deal at Ascot, and is liked by his trainer.

George Barrett

will, of course, ride the Kingsclere colt, who will be Porter's best. Nunthorpe's light was put out most completely not only by Chitabob but by Pinzon also in the Great Yorkshire Stakes. Before that contest he was extensively backed for the St. Leger both to win and for a place. If he had not run in the Great Yorkshire he might have been a very strong order right up to the fall of the flag at Town Moor. I cannot stand Nunthorpe now. Last week he did not seem able to go fast, nor to stay either. Antibes is frequently backed, and I believe that

The Duchess Fancies the Filly,

who is very well bred, and a beauty also. At the same time the book does not give her an outside chance even of defeating Donovan or Chitabob, although September is proverbially the mares' month. Judging by the Northern running, if Nunthorpe cannot win—and that he ought not to do so is clear enough—neither can Workington. Mr. Lowther's colt won at York, where he very handsomely beat Quartus, but the latter was quite unfit.

Quartus will win a Big Handicap

presently, but is not fit for racing yet awhile. He met with an accident, and has done only a little work. I almost doubt whether he will be ready for the big Newmarket Handicaps, but in all events he must be watched, for it would be a pity to miss him. A much better colt than some people fancy is Theophilus, whose owner is one of the most popular sportsmen we have on the Turf. As a two-year-old Theophilus did some wonderfully smart things, and is in form this year too. I doubt his ability to win in this company, though my faith in his friends' judgment is so great that I should be afraid of him if they backed him in earnest.

All Ireland would be Illuminated, not to Mention Liverpool,

were the pretty white-pink carried first past the post. Lord Lorne, like other Yorkshire horses, boasts a very

The Sculling Championship of the World.

O'Connor watching Searle at Practice

streaky record. At Manchester he ran queerly in the Summer Cup, while at Ascot he came out in very different colours. He is hardly class enough for the St. Leger. Melanion, I hear, is being got forward in order to be able to make a pace for Donovan. He is not by any means first-class himself, and I am rather doubtful whether he will be permitted to do much pace-making on his own or stable-companion's account. Early in the season we were treated to all manner of fairy tales to the effect that if there was any difference between him and Donovan the latter was a little the inferior. On the strength of these little fables some of us supported Melanion, and came to grief—as was natural, seeing that he is far from a good one. In addition to those mentioned here we may have others to swell the field, but I will not bother about them. My attempt to forestall Mr. Ford's placing must read :—

DONOVAN	1
CHITABOB	2
ENTHUSIAST	3

The Plunger,

or ex-plunger, Benzon's book is out. "How I Lost £250,000" is amusing enough in its way to folk who were not already pretty well posted as to the process which led to the dissipation of a fine fortune. If the "Jubilee Juggins" does not show himself possessed of exceptional literary talent in his maiden work, and does demonstrate very clearly exceptional powers for letting lightly go what was very hardly won, he furnishes throughout evidence of a most amiable disposition.

Those in the Know cannot Help Smiling

to read his published opinions of the operators who did best out of him—who, in the language of the ring,

Cut Him Up.

Benzon the good-hearted can hardly be down on anyone who helped him buy experience so dearly.

There is an idea that he may possibly be given the handling of another big fortune. Let us hope that the future does not hold in store a further instalment of losing experiences.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

Swimming

has attracted considerable interest, a successful attempt having been made to surpass the late Captain Webb's long swim of nineteen miles and a quarter from Blackwall to Gravesend. The swimmer was

Reddish,

and he contented himself with beating Webb's performance by about a quarter of a mile, after having been in the water several minutes over five hours. The arduous character of this undertaking was accentuated by the failure of another swimmer to accomplish it. The distance accomplished was about

Nineteen and a Half Miles,

the rate of swimming, of course with the tide, being therefore considerable. It is not possible to institute any comparison between these long journeys in fresh water with swims from Dover to Calais. Salt water is very much more buoyant; but its action on the skin is marked (porpoise oil being used to counteract this somewhat), and the changing tides very troublesome.

Plymouth has produced a great swimmer in

A. H. Marsh,

who won a splendid victory in the 1000-yards race at his native place, defeating such men as J. J. Collier, S. Sargeant, and G. Kistler, and this in spite of having already won a 750-yards race just previously. Two days before he had beaten Collier at Dawlish. Marsh's forte is evidently open salt water, for, at Exeter, he was defeated by E. J. Edwards, who was, however, no better than fourth at Plymouth. Then, last Saturday, the race for the

Long-distance Amateur Championship

took place in the Thames, and A. E. France, the holder, had to be content with the second place, the race being handsomely won by the mile champion, H. Bowden, Dolphin S.C. The start from Putney Bridge is sketched by our ubiquitous "Lightning Artist," who went up the river to make pencil notes of Searle and O'Connor training for their great boat race. Twenty-two swimmers started in the manner illustrated for the long swim from Putney to Westminster.

H. Bowden

soon darted to the front over the course whereof Mr. Horace Davenport was long the champion. The distance was five miles and a half—i.e., from Putney Bridge to Charing Cross Railway Bridge—and Bowden did it in 1 h. 25 min. 56 sec.—the victor beating France by two minutes; the third swimmer being F. Bownes, and the fourth W. Henry, Zephyr Swimming Club.

Searle and O'Connor,

who scull for the Championship of the World on Monday, do not get a grasp on public interest, it is true, but the fact that the race will be one of the very best sculled between Putney and Mortlake will no doubt cause a good crowd to assemble. Both men are wonderfully fine scullers, and all rowing men who are not away holiday-making will be there to see. The winner will, I expect, be he who is favourite on the day. Having sketched Searle and O'Connor, and the start for the swimming race, our "Lightning Artist" hastened from Putney to Stamford Bridge, and was in time to act as Umpire when

Kibblewhite Beat the Three Mile Record

(as depicted). The Spartan Harriers had a monster meeting: no less than 545 entries. J. Kibblewhite, the mile champion, set himself the task of eclipsing George's record of 14 min. 39 sec. for three miles. He ran splendidly. As a matter of detail, F. Crowther, Wakefield, with a start of 160 yards, ran in first. But, starting from scratch, J. Kibblewhite sped past the other competitors one by one, and came in second, having covered the three miles in 14 min. 29 3-5 sec. and beaten the record. Bravo, Kibblewhite!

In spite of other interesting events, the

County Cricket Championship

of course attracts the largest amount of attention. Seldom has a season of county cricket wound up in so exciting a manner, and it is to the valiant men of Kent that we owe the sensation. Everyone looked upon the first place on the list of the eight first-class counties as a certainty for Notts, this county standing equal with Surrey and Lancashire, but with the Kent match to play: and no one thought that would end in a defeat for them. Even a draw would have put Notts in front, though by half a point only; but some

Wonderful Bowling

by two Kent bowlers, Martin and Wright, disposed of the fine Nottingham batting team for the puny total of 35, which is the smallest innings made in a first-class inter-county match this year. The analyses of Martin and Wright are so good that I give them :—

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Martin ...	... 22.1	... 15	... 18	... 7
Wright ...	... 13	... 8	... 7	... 3

Most credit has been given to Martin; but, considering how much longer he was bowling than Wright,

The Sculling Championship of the World.

the figures of the latter seem to me to be at least as meritorious.

The result of the contest for the county championship is

A Tie

between Notts, Surrey, and Lancashire, each having scored 10½ points. There is a strong popular bias in favour of Nottingham, which is comprehensible; but much, no doubt, is attributable to the splendid start made by the county, which did not meet with a reverse until the ninth match — the return with Surrey. With the long run of victories the success of Barnes and Gunn with the bat had very much to do, Gunn's county average at one time standing at over sixty; and it was noticeable that so soon as these batsmen dropped their high averages the victories of Notts became less overwhelming, and they suffered their first defeat. The suggestion that the three leading counties should

Play Off

is scarcely likely to be carried out. September is too late for so important a contest.

T. C. O'Brien heads the

Batting Averages

with 43·5, Gunn being second with 37·10. The notable lift given W. G. Grace's average by his 127 not out resulted in his coming third for county matches with 36·20, he having played in the large number of twenty-six innings. L. Wilson of Kent (ten innings) has an average of 36; Shrewsbury one of 35·10, F. H. Sugg one of 32·2, and K. J. Key one of 29·14, which is Surrey's best in spite of W. W. Read. In the bowling department, Attewell (Notts) leads with an average of 10·44; Briggs of Lancashire being an excellent second with 11·61, and Wright (12·39) and Lohmann (12·93) third and fourth respectively.

A Hundred in an Innings

was made just twenty times, but to Gloucestershire batsmen alone belongs the credit of having made the "centuries" twice, W. G. Grace and J. Cranston being both credited with this.

Injured Batsmen.

There was quite an epidemic of "retired hurt" or "absent hurt" in the scores of first-class cricket-matches last week. In the match M.C.C. v. United Services, Mycroft, when well set for a big score, retired owing to an injury. Then Mr. Cranston, fielding for his county against Kent, split his hand badly, and did not go in at all in the first innings. Seeing what splendid form he has shown on his emergence from a long period of inactivity, this was very hard lines for Gloucestershire. Maurice Read has also been suffering from a bad hand. During the season more good men have been on the retired list than any previous season can call to mind.

The Oxford-Putney Row.

Considerable attention has been given to the row from Oxford to Putney, by Messrs. R. C. Lehmann,

The Sculling Championship of the World

W. H. Grenfell, and W. F. C. Holland, a distance of 105 miles, in 22½ hours. The craft used was a treble-sculler, with coxswain—a small boy. A launch accompanied the crew, and was found very convenient at lunch time. To row a hundred miles at any pace, with only an hour's rest, must always be a task requiring stamina and pluck; but as an athletic feat of high merit for trained men to accomplish I see nothing very wonderful in the row under notice. The passage of such locks as are unprovided with rollers of course takes up some time, although as little as possible was wasted on the occasion; but, granting this, five miles an hour is no great pace to maintain. In these days of athletic emulation, I shall expect to see 22½ hours well beaten.

Cycling Records

are still going by the board wholesale, and last week saw the demolition of no fewer than three. First of all, Dr. E. B. Turner—against whom I remember running fifteen years ago, so he must be possessed of remarkable athletic vitality—in company with the Dutch rider, Scheltema-Beduin, rode two miles on a tandem in 5 min. 37 2-5 sec., which surpasses the previous best by

Over Ten Seconds.

Then the two-miles tricycle record was improved to the extent of 5 4-5 sec. by A. J. Watson, whose time was 5 min. 31 3-5 sec.; and, finally, W. Price rode one mile on a "safety" bicycle in 2 min. 26 1-5 sec., which is also a new record. The performances were all accomplished on the Paddington track, and the times taken by G. P. Coleman, official handicapper to the N.C.U.

Cyclists are no doubt right to manage their affairs as suits them best, but it is impossible not to notice the immensely superior advantages possessed by riders for making records. In other branches of athletics no performance is recognised unless accomplished in public, but in cycling nearly every record is made at what is nothing more than a private trial, when candidates for record honours can pick their day, all that is necessary for the establishment of their times being to secure the attendance of the official timekeeper. He is, no doubt, as reliable as any one man can be; but it is totally at variance with the practice of all other athletic authorities to accept one man's time, unchecked by a second watch. No man is infallible, and, grant that one mistake will be made in a hundred, who is to say where that mistake is made? The system now in vogue with cyclists and their records is open to grave objection.

The cycling track at the

Crystal Palace

(of which a drawing is in preparation) has been connected with many records, for the making of which its continuous curve renders it more adaptable than for racing, where many competitors are engaged in the same race. Saturday last saw the Amalgamated Society of

Railway Servants

holding their athletic meeting on this ground, which is admirably suited for the purpose, for the exceptional advantage is offered for such an occasion for a combination of athletics and a day in the palace and grounds. Railway servants do not strike the average public as having too much time for pleasure,

so it was satisfactory to see a fine day and a successful meeting. The London and North-Western Railway appropriately won all three prizes, this line always setting a good example to southern lines in the way of pace, while the win of the same railway in the twenty minutes

Go-as-you-please

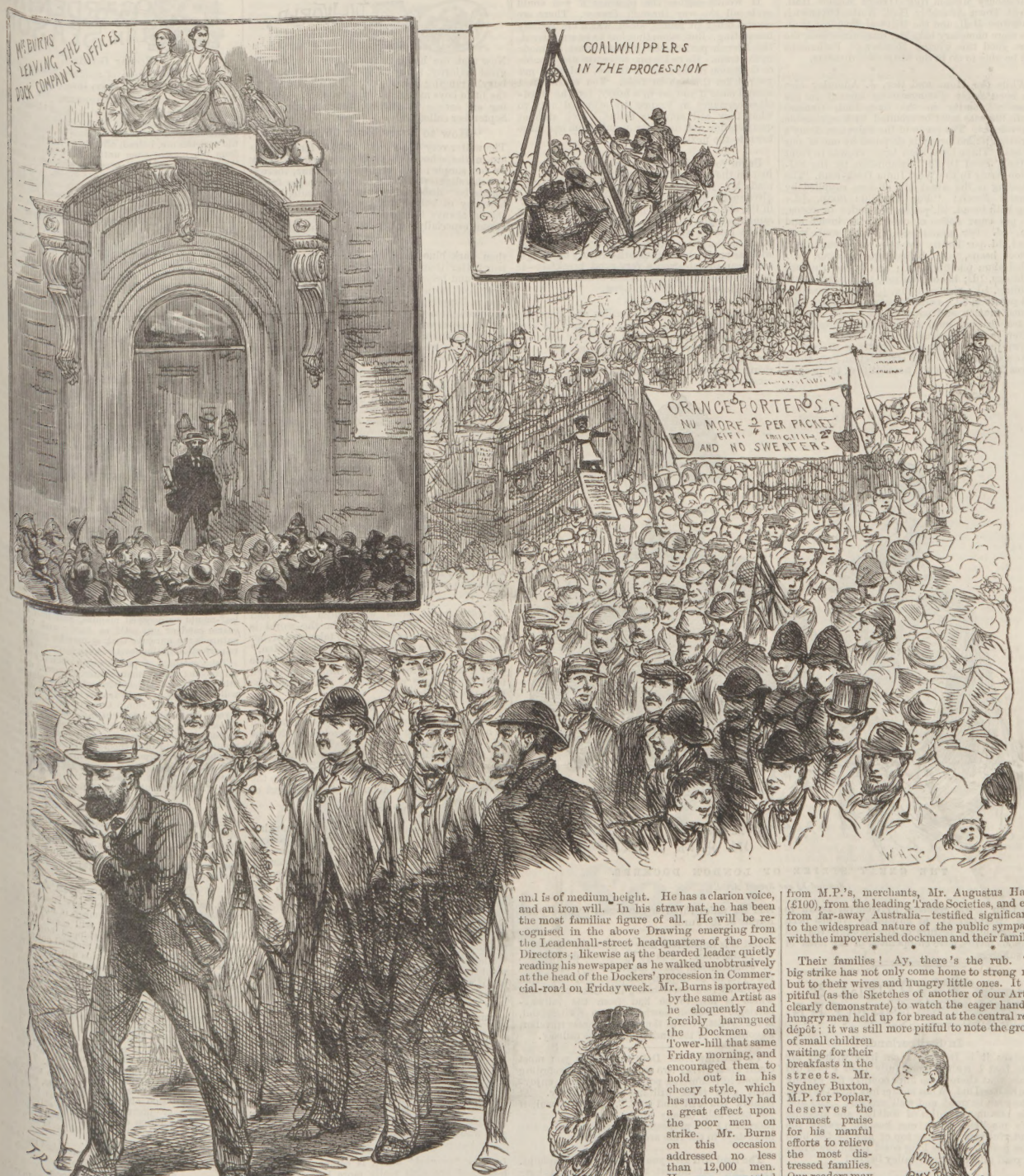
was no doubt illustrative of the ability of the L. and N.W.R. when it comes to long-distance journeys to Ireland and Scotland. The victory of the Midland in the half-mile was also in keeping with the traditions of this line. BANSHEE.

"Cleaning Silver."—All difficulty in keeping silver, electro-plate, &c., untarnished and with a brilliant polish, may be obviated by using Goddard's Non-Mercurial Plate-Powder. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. Five gold medals awarded.—[Advt.]

To Students.—To all those who burn the "Midnight Oil," engaged in mental labour, we would recommend Cadbury's Cocoa; its comforting, exhilarating, and sustaining powers are extraordinary. Beware of imitations.—[Advt.]

1. At the Nore.
2. Vessels crowding up St. Clement's Reach.
3. A Block in the Pool.
4. Lighters at Cherry Garden.
5. Shrimpers on the Mud, Leigh.
6. A Moonlight Trip.

THE GREAT STRIKE: SHIPPING ON THE RIVER THAMES.



THE GREAT LONDON DOCKMEN'S STRIKE: MR. BURNS AT THE DOCK COMPANY'S OFFICE, AND HEADING THE PROCESSION OF DOCKERS.

As chroniclers of the social and political history of the times, it is our bounden duty to illustrate the principal episodes of the great strike of London Dockmen; and the Special Artists of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, recognised as the People's Journal, accordingly depict in this week's Number various phases of the struggle. With all earnestness, however, we hope that ere all these lines are read the army of men out on strike will have returned to work, to earn their daily bread by industry instead of gaining it through the generous almsgiving of their sympathetic fellow working-men. Ready and eager to resume labour in the docks on the river if their modest wages were but increased from fivepence to sixpence per hour, the hundred thousand or so of humble toilers on strike must have welcomed as heartily as the public did the timely intervention of the leading shipowners on Monday. Sir Donald Currie, the worthy shipowner whom Mr. Gladstone knighted, heartily liked the van. Sir Donald, acting as spokesman of the influential deputation of shipowners inspired by the colossal strike, pointed out a simple way out of the difficulty to Mr. C. M. Norwood, M.P., Chairman of the Board of Dock Directors. It had been the argument of Mr. Norwood and the Dock Directors that the dividend paid to shareholders was so small that they absolutely could not afford to spare the £30,000 or so per annum which the increase of a penny an hour in the men's pay would involve. Very well, said, in effect, Sir Donald Currie; let the Shipowners pay the men directly for loading and unloading; they can promise the sixpence an hour demanded; and, by the adoption of this expedient, the regrettable and injurious strike can be amicably closed. So reasonable a solution of the difficulty recommended itself to everyone wishing well to the Dockers and the Dock Directors alike; but not, alas! to Mr. Norwood.

* * * * *

The outspoken and energetic leader of the Dockers, Mr. John Burns, was delineated last week in our "Facts and Faces" page; and this week some additional information respecting this striking figure is given in "Personal Politics." Burns is a swarthy man, with jet black hair and beard, and is of medium height. He has a clarion voice, and an iron will. In his straw hat, he has been the most familiar figure of all. He will be recognised in the above Drawing emerging from the Leadenhall-street headquarters of the Dock Directors; likewise as the bearded leader quietly reading his newspaper as he walked unobtrusively at the head of the Dockers' procession in Commercial-road on Friday week. Mr. Burns is portrayed by the same Artist as he eloquently and forcibly harangued the Dockmen on Tower-hill that same Friday morning, and encouraged them to hold out in his cheery style, which has undoubtedly had a great effect upon the poor men on strike. Mr. Burns on this occasion addressed no less than 12,000 men. He was supported by his active colleague and fellow-leader, Ben Tillett, and by Mr. Cuninghame Graham, M.P., and Mr. Tom Mann. The gist of his speech was that the men should continue their struggle till they obtained their demands in full. The ringing cheers of the men, many of them doubtless half-clemmed, proved the orator had touched a responsive chord. Mr. Burns has animated similarly large gatherings at the gates of the West India Docks; and on Sunday afternoon last his powerful voice advocated the men's cause anew at a monster meeting in Hyde Park. The withdrawal of the unwise manifesto calling for a general strike of working men on Monday was a judicious step. The hundreds of pounds that have flowed in to swell the funds of the dockers came from all classes—from M.P.'s, merchants, Mr. Augustus Harris (£100), from the leading Trade Societies, and even from far-away Australia—testified significantly to the widespread nature of the public sympathy with the impoverished dockmen and their families.

A DOCKER ON STRIKE.

* * * * *

Their families! Ay, there's the rub. The big strike has not only come home to strong men but to their wives and hungry little ones. It was pitiful (as the Sketches of another of our Artists clearly demonstrate) to watch the eager hands of hungry men held up for bread at the central relief dépôt; it was still more pitiful to note the groups of small children waiting for their breakfasts in the streets. Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P. for Poplar, deserves the warmest praise for his manful efforts to relieve the most distressed families. Our readers may safely send their mites to Mr. Sydney Buxton, 12, Eaton-place, W., and may now save time by telegraphing to him what sums they can afford to ameliorate the sad lot of the women and children in the strike districts. Mr. Sydney Buxton thoughtfully and kindly arranged to give free breakfasts and dinners to the suffering children, and jugs of soup and loaves of bread to the families: the relief being dispensed at the

Shaftesbury Mission Hall, Oxford Mission Hall, Cubitt Town Assembly Hall, North Greenwich Gladstone Hall, and the Millwall People's Hall. The more monetary help Mr. Buxton receives, the more good this worthy Member of Parliament will be able to do in the distressful districts.

* * * *

While the Hon. and Rev. J. Adderley also has been nobly distinguishing himself in the cause of charity in the East-End, General Booth likewise must be credited with serviceable benevolence. The scene of the Salvation Army's Christian philanthropy is sketched by one of our Artists. There have been large crowds in front of the "Food Depôt" established by the Salvation Army in the West India Dock-road. The following is the usual bill of fare supplied by General Booth: "For a child: Soup, ½d.; soup with bread, ½d. per basin; coffee or cocoa, ½d. per cup; coffee or cocoa, with bread and jam, ½d. For adults: Soup, ½d.; soup with bread, 1d. per basin; potatoes or cabbage, ½d.; haricot beans, ½d.; boiled jam pudding, ½d.; boiled plum puddings, 1d.; and boiled rhubarb puddings, 1d.; baked jam roll, ½d.; baked plum pudding, ½d.; rice pudding, ½d.; meat pudding and potatoes, 3d.; corned beef and potatoes, 2d.; corned mutton and potatoes, 2d.; coffee, cocoa, or tea, ½d. per cup, 1d. per mug; bread and butter, jam, or marmalade, ½d. per slice. Soup, in own jugs, 1d. per quart. Ready at 10 a.m."

As soon as the dockers' strike set in, even these prices failed to meet the necessities of the people,

THE GREAT STRIKE OF LONDON DOCKERS.

Sketched by our Special Artist.

and then it was resolved by General Booth to issue "food tickets" at half-price. It has been an encouraging feature of the struggle that all religious bodies have co-operated in the relief of the sufferers.

CYCLE & CAMERA

In Switzerland.

PERHAPS it is because I am here without my cycle that I realise more fully than I ever did before that there is no finer country for cycling than Switzerland. What matter how high the pass, if the road be good and well graded? And how little one minds miles of walking and pushing one's machine, when one has for reward the wonderful view from the top of any of the high Swiss passes, and the long coast down the winding road into the green valley below!

If you have not yet had your cycling holiday, and have not decided where to take it, try Switzerland. The roads are good—that is, of course, the high-roads. There is no use in attempting the roads over some of the lesser passes, for, though the native carts and wagons manage well enough, the chances are you would have to push your machine the entire distance, only to reach a place from which there was no other outlet save over snow and ice.

But the St. Gothard, the Simplon, the Mont Cenis, and the Brenner Passes are all practicable, and I think you get to know and love the Alps far better when you are thus riding, stimulated by exercise which is just hard enough to bring exhilaration with it, than when you are struggling up high peaks or over dangerous glaciers with smoked glasses shielding your eyes, a rope tied about your waist, and an ice-axe over your shoulder.

However, to enjoy these passes you must have plenty of time, for half the pleasure is the ride down into Italy. But if you have only ten days at your disposal, you can, without going so far, plan and carry out a very beautiful ride, as I know from my own experience.

It would double the pleasure if you could cycle all the way through France. There are several different routes, all of which are equally interesting. But, when time has to be considered, the French part of the journey must be made in the train. Go to Dieppe to escape any trouble or detention in the Custom House, and then get your ticket through to Dole. You must travel second class if you are in a hurry, for the third-class carriages in France are attached only to what they call omnibus trains, which stop at every station and usually run only from one large town to the next.

Begin your ride at Dole, because here you are just on the borderland of the Jura, and if you read Mr. Ruskin's "Præterita," in which he gives such a marvellous description of his journey in the old days of post-chaise travelling over the same road, you will learn beforehand something of the beauty which awaits you. Stop a little while in Dole, for the town is very picturesque, with its many old seventeenth-century buildings, and I can promise you a very good breakfast—if you get there about the French breakfast-hour—at the Hôtel de la Ville de Lyon.

From Dole you go to Pontarlier, and here the road begins to climb; and as it winds its way higher and higher you look down far over the valleys, where every here and there are the little brown-roofed villages with the church spire rising above their clustered cottages, or else you ride for miles through the sweet-scented pine-forests of the Jura.

But it is impossible here to give the details of the entire route. You go by the Col de Faucille, of which Ruskin has so much to say, and from the cycle he so unjustly despises you have that unrivalled view overlooking the Lake of Geneva which is not to be had from the railway-carriage. Indeed, nowhere, as in Switzerland, is the cyclist, even as the old post-chaise traveller, so conscious of the limitations of the railway.

To the ride from Dole to Geneva you must count upon giving two or three days, according to your hill-climbing powers. As far as enjoyment goes three will not be too many. At Geneva you will find a C.T.C. chief consul, if you need help of any kind. And then, for the short trip I am proposing, be ready to give two more days to the ride around the lake.

The road will give you no cause for complaint. It is excellent almost the entire way. I have ridden over it the day after a heavy storm, and found it in wonderfully good condition. On the south side of the lake you come to many little towns which are not very well known by name, but which probably for that very reason are delightfully picturesque. On the north side are the famous places whose names are as familiar to you as those of your own county: the Castle of Chillon, Montreux, Vevey, for ever associated with the memory of Rousseau; Lausanne, with its Hôtel Gibbon to remind you why it should always be of interest to Englishmen; Morges, where you look across the lake to Mont Blanc in the distance. And now you ride close to the waters whose beauty so many poets have sung; and now you climb high up among the vineyards. And if you do not think five or six days spent amid such beauty worth the long trip from London, why, then, you do not yet know the real advantages of cycling. N.C.U.

The Essex County Lawn Tennis Tournament, which had been in progress at Leyton throughout last week, was concluded on Saturday. Owing to the absence in America of Mr. E. G. Meers, who won last year, Mr. E. H. Christy, this year's winner of the All Comers' Prize, had a walk over for the Essex Championship.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Now that the holidays are nearly over, for the great majority, many of you are, no doubt, very busy arranging autumn and winter clothes for the little boys and girls. I have just been reading an article in one of the magazines for September called

"How to Dress Your Children."

The writer very truly says that as long as girls are in the schoolroom their dresses can scarcely be too simple; but, at the same time, there is not the slightest reason why the simple frocks should be "unbecomingly or badly made," while harmony of colour and suitability of material should always be considered. There is nothing better, especially for London girls who attend the

High Schools,

than dark blue serge: it bears hard wear and tear better than any other stuff, and it is also pretty and becoming. The fashion of leaving the sleeves of morning dresses made halfway up the arm is, happily, now almost a thing of the past; and it ought never to have been adopted by *any girl* or *woman* who could not dress up to it. Do you want to know what I mean by that? Well, for instance, women and school-girls who cannot afford to wear gloves

Long Enough

to *meet the sleeves* cannot be said to *dress* up to the fashion, and what is more ugly or vulgar than a naked piece of arm—and very often *red* arm, too—showing between the end of the glove and the beginning of the sleeve? And then, by way of making the whole thing more conspicuous, the chances are that there is a

Tawdry Bangle

tumbling about on the arm! School-girls, especially, ought to have the sleeves of their frocks made to come down to the wrist. The hands never look white and nice if they are always cold in winter, and cold they must be if the sleeves are too short; and, as often happens likewise, so tight that circulation is stopped. It is really essential to health to have the arms warm; and I should like every girl, but especially those who suffer (and what suffering it is!) from

Slow Circulation,

to wear inside vests with high necks and long sleeves. Every woman in the world is bound, as far as it is possible, to take care of her health (if I were writing "The World of Men," I should say the same to *them*). No work can be done with faulty tools; and if, through your own fault, you injure your health, you injure also your power of doing

Good Work

in the world. "But," say some, "it is so selfish to be always taking care of ourselves." Not at all. The selfishness lies in knocking yourselves up, and in having to trouble others to take care of you! That those who love you do not think it a trouble to wait upon you is nothing to the purpose. You have fallen for the time out of the ranks of the

Workers,

and someone, with her own burden to bear, has to fill your place as well as her own. Of course, if you are the victim of inherited disease or chronic ill-health, that is another matter. I speak merely of those who do something foolish and get bad colds, which pass on, perhaps, into consumption just for the lack of

The Stitch in Time.

For the sake of all who love you, as well as for the sake of those who employ you, do not neglect the *stitch in time*.

There are hundreds of "young ladies" who want to be telegraph clerks and governesses; but if we want a really good cook and efficient house- and parlour-maid, to say nothing of that very misnamed young person the "general servant," we may

Whistle

for her, as the saying is. She will not come even for a fairly good wage, and very often better food than that partaken of by her master and mistress. But—again I quote from the book before mentioned—"more wonderful still, young ladies go out of their homes in quest of some 'genteel employment,' leaving their own comfortable homes in the occupation of a strange girl, who may be neither

Clean nor Honest.

Is work 'genteel' which is comparatively useless? and are girls really more lady-like when they run from pillar to post trying to earn a few shillings by this 'fancy work' or by that than they would be if they engaged in useful cooking, cleaning, or attending to children, either in a father's house or in that of someone else?" By in a "father's house" I presume the writer means keeping a school; for why should not a girl attend to her little

Brothers and Sisters

at home, instead of going out to teach? About the class of female servants turned out by the present foolish and faulty system of education what is to be said? A few days ago I heard of a housemaid who bought a *violin* out of her savings, and has been having lessons from a very good master. In the families she lived with she knew that one, at least, of the

Daughters of the House

played the violin, and Mary Jane saw no reason why she should not do likewise. Would it not be far more noble to make herself a really good housemaid, to take pride in having her "rooms" looking bright and clean, with everything in them smelling fresh and sweet? Of course it would, if only she had the sense to understand such simple reasoning. Now, good-bye till next week. MARGUERITE.

GARDENING IN SEASON

Flower Garden.

IF the rose is the queen of summer flowers, as it is generally acknowledged to be, the

Chrysanthemum

is undoubtedly the queen of those that bloom in the autumn. The season of this charming and most accommodating flower is now close at hand; some of the varieties are, indeed, already in full blossom, and from the present time until after Christmas no one "who loves a garden" need be without a plentiful supply of flowers of the various kinds. The strides that have been made in the improvement of this now popular flower during the last decade or two are simply wonderful. The

First Chrysanthemum Show

ever held in England was at Norwich in the year 1830. Only some ten varieties were then exhibited, such as the tasselled yellow, early blush, clustered pink, and so forth. Now there are nearly, if not quite, two thousand distinct kinds in cultivation in this country, without counting the many beautiful annual varieties; and, besides our permanent exhibitions, such as those at the Temple, Finsbury Park, and in several of the larger nurseries, chrysanthemum shows by the score or hundred are held at various times during the autumn, and in different parts of the country.

Plants intended to produce the large

Exhibition Flowers

are usually grown in pots: the cuttings are taken as soon after the flowers are over as they can be obtained, or from November till March, and, when well rooted and growing, are placed in a sunny spot in the open air for the summer, moved into larger pots as required, and taken into the greenhouse or conservatory as soon as the flowers begin to show colour, or before the autumn frosts set in. If very large blossoms are required the buds which are now appearing in the points of the shoots must be thinned to one on each shoot, all side-growths removed, and the plants be watered with weak liquid manure, sheep's manure, soot-water, and sulphate of ammonia (half an ounce to the gallon), alternately, with clean water between each application.

Work for the Week.

Auriculas should be repotted now, so that the fresh soil may be occupied with roots before the advent of winter, and the plants be thus enabled to bloom strongly in the spring. The best soil for them is a mixture of three parts good turfy loam with one of leaf-mould or decayed manure, and half a part of coarse sand or grit. Of so hardy and vigorous a nature is the auricula that it may be grown almost to perfection in the heart of even large cities.

Take cuttings of pentstemons, which are now in full bloom; also of marguerites, phloxes, and many other hardy and half-hardy herbaceous plants; they will root freely in a cold frame, kept just moist, and shaded from hot sun. Carnations should still be layered by this time, but cuttings may still be put in. Prick off spring-sown seedlings into sheltered nursery-beds, or, if very choice, place them singly in small pots, and winter them in a frame. Get cuttings of zonal and other pelargoniums in as fast as possible. The more choice varieties should be placed singly in small (2 in. or 2½ in.) pots, and the commoner kinds five or six round the sides of the 3½ in. or 4 in. size. In the

Vegetable Garden

the tomato-plants need, perhaps, more care and attention than anything else. They are growing very fast now, and the side-shoots *must* be put or pinched out as fast as they show, or they will rob the trusses of bloom of the strength they require to set and swell their fruit freely.

Tomatoes in the Open Air

have, on the whole, not proved very successful so far this season, though, if September is fine and warm, most of the fruit already set will come to maturity. The plants had better be stopped now—i.e. the points of the main shoots be pinched out above the last-formed truss of bloom: this will concentrate all the energies of the plants upon the fruit and flowers already formed, and hasten their development considerably. The disease, or, rather, disease, for there are several of them, though not so rampant as they were last year, are still causing a good deal of trouble in some parts. One, known as the *cladosporium*, which appears as whitish or pink woolly looking patches on the foliage, chiefly affects plants under glass. This is greatly encouraged, if not actually caused, by shutting up the house too closely at night; but, with free ventilation it will give very little trouble. The other, the peronospora, greatly resembles the well-known potato-disease, or murrain, in its effects, and affects plants both inside and out. For this there is no actual cure or preventive, though syringing the plants with a solution of six parts each of sulphate of copper and lime to a hundred parts of water is said to check its ravages greatly.

By-the-way, a correspondent has asked me to give the quantity of the mixed chemical

Manure for Potatoes

to which I referred in this column recently. In reply, I may state that 3 or even 4 cwt. of superphosphate, with 1 cwt. each of sulphate of ammonia and salt, twice that weight of soot, and the same of kainit (but this last only if the supply of potash in the soil is deficient), forms a safe and excellent dressing.

Cucumbers

are greatly in demand this hot weather. Everyone should know that, if sliced up with nearly or quite all the peel, they are much more wholesome than without it. They should, of course, be eaten as fresh as possible from the plant. B. C. R.

Leonard Bowes Handford, who is charged with shooting his wife and mother-in-law, Mrs. Deveson, as they were returning from Broad Mrs. Chapel recently, and also with attempting to commit suicide, was brought before the Magistrate to continue his examination at Marylebone last week. Mrs. Handford, who has nearly recovered, stated that owing to his intemperate habits the prisoner had caused much unpleasantness, and that he had several times threatened to kill her. A written statement was produced, in which the prisoner complained of the manner in which he had been treated by his wife and her friends. As Mrs. Deveson was still unable to appear, the prisoner was committed for trial on the charges of shooting his wife and attempting to commit suicide.

GALLANT WALES EN FETE.

(*From our Special Correspondent.*)

The National Eisteddfod at Brecon.

In Wales, of late, holiday (not to say motley) has been the only wear. Those who have followed the footsteps of George Barrow in the admirable account of his Welsh adventures, "Wild Wales," through the length and breadth of the Principality, know that there, as elsewhere, a spirited and restless rivalry exists between North and South. Recently North Wales scored brilliantly with Lovely Llangollen and Beautiful Bala: now

South Wales has had its Turn

[illegible] the National Eisteddfod at Brecon; and, having [illegible] resources within itself as the residence at Craig-y-Nos of the Queen of Song, who generously [illegible] aid, it is not wonderful if it seems [illegible] have won the day. In point of scenery [illegible] Wales is generally thought not to compare [illegible] North; and those who recently turned southwards to Brecon probably thought to find its surroundings comparatively tame. If so, to reach Brecon with the sun shining across the

Brecknock Beacons,

and the fair green fields between, and with the festive flags flying in the picturesque little town, must have been something of a revelation. And Brecon and its surroundings are only a small part, moreover, in the wonderful panorama of South Wales!

[illegible] the mountains afoot, and descending on the town, with the ivy-grown castle and two three church steeples as landmarks, I found on the opening day of the Eisteddfod a delightful

Summerly Air of Holiday

[illegible] the place. Sounds of music—the strains [illegible] military band, of choral voices, and, at [illegible]als, of a harp—floated on the air, and com[illegible] this holiday feeling. In the streets one found [illegible] unmistakable signs: beggars of all possible colours and contortions, idle saunterers, tourists, pretty girls in pretty frocks, and everywhere flags—like the beggars, of all colours. For its size, Brecon [illegible] out its length over a great space of ground; [illegible] in its centre, one need not go far during the [illegible] before reaching the triumphal arch

"Welcome, Patti-Nicolini!"

And, passing through this arch with the crowd, one soon reached the huge pavilion where for four days music and sweet poetry were to agree, and sometimes (as in the various choral and other competitions) agree to differ. Inside the pavilion the first impressions were of an immense dome of canvas covering an arena set out somewhat in the fashion of a Greek theatre, but with the circle there used for chorus [illegible]ts, while on the stage pianos and other [illegible] indoor paraphernalia of amusement [illegible] at first somewhat incongruous, if suggestive. [illegible] mottoes in Welsh adorning the stage further [illegible] out the somewhat foreign impression of the [illegible]. With the sun shining in its most royal way [illegible] cast a pleasant radiance within this air-castle of the Muses, while a cool breeze fluttered in the canvas and tempered the heat, the spectator might well find this a fit place for national festival on the part of a people in whose music and poetry the sun and the [illegible] have always played so chief a part. But [illegible] semi-*al fresco* arena of the Eisteddfod [illegible] enough for one of [illegible] most [illegible] and [illegible] parts of the whole function, which tradition commands to be held "Yn ngwyneb Haul, Llygad Goleuni," which, being interpreted, means, "In the face of the sun, the eye of light!" So

The Gorsedd,

[illegible]led, which always forms the opening ceremony of every Eisteddfod, was held here on the [illegible]nd, where the surroundings were well in [illegible] with the "Bards and Druids of the Isle of [illegible]," who, with their long grey hair and mystic [illegible] and harps, made a group in the morning sun[illegible] looked antique and picturesque in the [illegible]. Without describing the quaint ritual of the Gorsedd in detail, which indeed would take a treatise in itself, it is enough to recall its mystic circle of stones, with the Runic rock in the centre (supposed by some to have a symbolical [illegible] to the sun and the other planets), the sounding of the trumpet, "horn of the land," the offering of the sublime Theistic Gorsedd prayer, and then the mounting to the Runic stone of the venerable Arch-Druid, "Clwydfardd," who, unsheathing the [illegible] sword, cried aloud thrice in stentorian tones,

"Oes Heddwch?"

[illegible] Peace?), eliciting each time from the by[illegible]rs the response "Heddwch" (There is Peace!) [illegible] to gain the full interest of the Gorsedd one [illegible] be under the immediate spell of the old Welsh [illegible] still realise so wonderfully the mediæval [illegible] the poet. Clwydfardd, the Arch-Druid, is in [illegible] eighty-ninth year, and carries his age with [illegible] Merlin-like dignity, his bushy white hair [illegible] beard setting forth features of great simplicity [illegible] sweetness of expression. Next in order, Hwfa [illegible] the most familiar figure, whose [illegible], clean-shaven and set forth by flowing [illegible] might suggest something between the [illegible] pulpit and the popular actor. Indeed, [illegible]wydfardd and Hwfa Mon, and with them [illegible]ther bards, are ministers of the gospel as well [illegible] of the Muses. The Gorsedd generally [illegible] with the recital of original Welsh stanzas, [illegible]glynion, by the various bards, and with [illegible] singing—the last one of the most popular of the whole function. That past master of [illegible] singing,

Eos Morlais,

was in great form at Brecon, and his impromptu stanzas, sung to the accompaniment of the Gorsedd harper, were as full of wit and poetic point as ever. It will be remembered, too, that in Penillion singing it is the harper who chooses the tune, in which the singer must join with according stanzas as soon as the air has been played over once in prelude. The [illegible] and the Penillion sung, the band [illegible] "The March of the Men of Harlech," [illegible] and others form in procession, and we [illegible]ugh the town, amid great enthusiasm, to

The Eisteddfod Pavilion.

[illegible] a programme with a further considerable colouring of these picturesque bardic performances, but now added to by the characteristic Eisteddfod competitions in vocal and instrumental music, in poetry and art, over which the excitement of the friends of the competitors often waxes to fever-heat. The grand climacteric tussle between the great choirs of from 150 to 200 voices did not come off till the fourth and last day; but before this there were innumerable interesting minor tournaments of song, while on the second day the generous promise of Madame Patti to come over from Craig-y-Nos and sing created an intensity of excitement such as even Patti herself could only produce in musical Wales.

The Queen of Song

came, indeed, in truly royal mood, and she brought Queen's weather with her, for the intermittent sunshine became permanent and brilliant as soon as she set foot in Brecon town. As the time for her arrival in the pavilion drew near, the regular Eisteddfodic proceedings became hopelessly demoralised, until the happy thought struck "Mabon" (Mr. Abraham, M.P., who acted as conductor for the day, Lord Tredegar being the President) to lead off some of the Welsh national songs, the whole audience of 8000 people joining in with concerted voices with indescribable effect. At last, about two o'clock, the triumphant strains of the band and of loud cheering without told that Patti was imminent. A moment later, and preceded by Mr. Ganz, the well-known conductor, and other well-known people in the musical world, Madame Patti appeared, escorted by the Mayor in his red robes, while Signor Nicolini followed. At this the audience, obeying a Napoleonic nod from "Mabon," leapt to its feet, cheering wildly, and the commotion did not cease until Patti came forward to the little dais in front of the stage, and Mr. Ganz began the accompaniment of "Ah! non creda," on the piano. Used as the great singer is to magnificent audiences, probably she never had such a perfectly responsive one before. When she presently turned from "La Sonnambula" to ground more familiar to a Welsh audience, and sang "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Home, Sweet Home," as it might well be thought they had never been sung before, and perhaps would never be sung again, the most composed and correct of personages lost their heads, and cheered to the echo. But it was when

"Mabon"

made his last bold stroke, and hazarded a daring suggestion in handing a MS. copy of the score and words of "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau"—"Old Land of our Fathers"—the Welsh patriotic song, to Madame Patti, that the wildest outburst took place. Though, as she exclaimed, with a little despairing gesture, she had never seen the song before, after a momentary glance she came forward to sing it, and did so with superb effect, the audience, led by "Mabon," joining in the chorus. With this, and the cheers (and, it may be added, the tears) of gratitude that followed, one felt that the Eisteddfod fairly reached its consummation. When Madame Patti had listened to a harp contest, after which she kissed the little boy who won the prize, and the audience had sung the famous old hymn "O Frynian Caersalem!" she departed; and I, for one, found it best to retire to the slopes of the Brecknock Beacons to think over what had taken place.

On the following day the proceedings were somewhat less exuberant; but the

Chairing of the Bard

led, as always, to a scene unique in its mingling of old and new, mediæval and modern. After the usual trumpet summons for the assembling of the bards, and when these later followers of Taliesin and Merlin had ranged themselves in a semicircle about the empty bardic chair which awaited its winner and occupant, as yet undisclosed, the adjudicators advanced to announce who the fortunate competitor was. It proved to be the Rev. Evan Rees of Cardiff; but he was, unluckily, not present, and had to be "chaired" by proxy, which somewhat robbed the proceedings of their interest, though the usual ceremony was gone through with all imaginable unction. Clwydfardd and Hwfa Mon with much ceremony led the deputy winner to the chair, and then the bardic sword was twice passed over his head, and the initiation was complete. The delivery of Englynion—the intricate, epigrammatic stanzas before referred to, composed by the bards as they stood around, in honour of the "chair"—then followed, and with the singing of the chairing song by Mrs. Glanffrwyd Thomas, who sang her husband's stanzas with great spirit, the ceremony concluded. It may be mentioned that the subject for the prize ode of 1889 was "The Welsh Bible," and that the winning poem was said by the knowing ones in Welsh poetry to be something more than an ordinary Eisteddfod *tour de force* of rhetoric and metre—indeed, a poem that would probably live. As the prize poem of the following day, on the subject of Llewelyn, also proved to be a really inspired production, it is seen that Welsh poetry is by no means in a state of decadence, which is more than can be said, if certain critics are right, for English poetry.

But the select audience of the Welsh poets is comparatively small compared with that which music commands at these gatherings. On the fourth and last day of the Eisteddfod the

Chief Choral Competition

between eight of the leading Welsh choirs, each of which numbered from 150 to 200 singers, drew together an immense concourse of people, from whom the cheers and counter-cheers, as one choir or another came forward to sing, must have echoed to the heights of the Brecknock Beacons. The eight competing choirs were from Cardiff, Carmarthen, Dowlais (two), Llanelly, Porth and Cymmer, Rhondda, and Swansea Valley; and, after some debate, the four judges awarded the first prize to Rhondda, and the second to the Porth and Cymmer Choir.

This terminated the actual programme of the Eisteddfod, one of the most successful ever held in Wales; though, in the evening, a concert followed as on the previous days. In the brief space that is available here, it has been impossible to do more than give a rough general sketch of the whole proceedings. To enumerate in detail the mere competitions—literary, artistic, choral, and so forth—would alone take several columns; but it would be ungracious now to end without a word of praise for the various presidents and conductors, and for the local committee, among whom the Mayor of Brecon and the Deputy Mayor, with the Rev. Glanffrwyd Thomas, Rev. Professor Rowlands, "Dêwi Mon," and the local secretary, Mr. Rhys Davies, may be specially mentioned. Brecon, indeed, may well be proud of having achieved so brilliant a success.

AP FYRDDIN.

[illegible]—Are easily, surely, and with perfect [illegible] by using Keating's Worm Tablets. Tins, [illegible] [Advt.]

Sunlight Soap

(From the Painting by W. P. FRITH, R.A., Exhibited at the Royal Academy, London, 1889, the property of the Proprietors of "SUNLIGHT SOAP.")

SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D.,

Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Chief Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, &c., REPORTS on "SUNLIGHT SOAP": "The points in the composition of this Soap that are most valuable are its freedom from free alkali, the large percentage of fatty acids which it contains, and the purity of the materials employed in its preparation. I EMPLOY THE SOAP, and from my actual experience of it can strongly recommend it. (Signed) "CHARLES A. CAMERON."

THE PEOPLE'S ARMY

The Flat Month

of Volunteering has at last been reached with the return of the Engineers from Chatham last Saturday, after as hard a time as the men have ever had there. And it is just possible that things may experience a considerable change in regard to at least the Metropolitan Engineer Volunteers before Chatham time comes round again. It is beginning to be thought that, now Infantry brigades and big guns are being allotted to the London Defence lines, there should be some Engineer provision also; and though the three London corps have been set down for mobilisation at Dover on a war scare, it is exceedingly probable that shortly their station may be changed, and that with their allotment to the Surrey Hills it may be decided for them to be given a week's training somewhere on the spot next year. This is all under reserve as yet, but the Engineers may depend upon it there is change in store for them of some kind shortly.

The London Defence Scheme

by Volunteers is attracting a good deal of attention just now, and if present ideas go on it is more than likely that the defence positions generally will be more or less occupied by the Metropolitan Volunteers next year, and probably as early as Easter, instead of the brigades being sent to Eastbourne and Portsmouth. The great difficulty in the way is the housing of the men. There are four metropolitan brigades set down for concentration at Caterham, and that and the other villages in the vicinity could not possibly afford billets for the ten thousand men which an Easter mobilisation might be expected to produce; and the War Office would hesitate to put them under canvas so early in the year, even if there were not the question of cost to be considered. Whether this problem be faced or not, there is one part of the London defence to which attention is being given, and that is the provision of more guns. A hundred and fifty for the southern line and eighty for the northern is felt to be not enough; and shortly efforts will be made to induce more Artillery brigades to accept position guns. Talking of Volunteer mobilisation, one of the service papers, which has always affected to despise

The Brigadier-Generals

appointed to command, pretends this week to close the whole argument, which it alone has raised, by speaking of the concession of this rank as a "stupid mistake" of the Commander-in-Chief's letter of service, of which the officers concerned ought not to avail themselves. The letter of service was issued last June twelvemonth, and surely if the Commander-in-Chief had made a stupid mistake he would have perceived it and corrected it ere this.

The New Rifles

are, it seems, being really issued, and one, if not more, of the London corps have them already at their headquarters. At the same time I have not heard that it is being issued to the men yet, and it certainly ought not to be till the class-firing is over; otherwise it would provide for those who have left their first-class shooting till now a much easier arm than that which their more diligent comrades have had. For the bayonet is much lighter than the old; and therefore, firing with the bayonet fixed, there would be a great advantage to the laggards, irrespective of the better sights. Commanding officers pleased with the new guns should remember this.

Lord Abinger's Prizes.

There has, I hear, been a good deal of grumbling in the 1st V.B. Royal Fusiliers as to the manner in which the men to shoot from that corps for Lord Abinger's West London Brigade prizes were chosen, the Colonel, it is stated, having simply selected his ten men without any competition, as in the other corps of the brigade. According to usual procedure there should have been a competition, but, whether or no, the Colonel's choice appears to have been good, for both first and second prizes were won by men of his battalion, Sergeants Chantler and Dingley being at the top with 75 each, and the former winning first place on the tie; Sawle, of the North Middlesex, being next with 74. Lord Abinger means to improve shooting in his brigade, for the present competition was for a series worth £50, which he intends to give annually.

A movement is on foot to form

An Ex-Volunteers' Rifle Club,

and one does not know what to think about it, for there is at once before us the thought of one more organisation to struggle for a place before one of the too few butts. It is in every way to be desired that those able-bodied ex-Volunteers who might be wanted in the ranks again should have a chance to keep up their target practice, but could they not do this as honorary members of their old corps, or in the excellent rifle clubs, which are not limited to Volunteers still serving? Another club may be only an added trouble.

Though it is September, an idle month,

The School of Instruction

opening at Wellington Barracks last Monday was well attended by officers from all parts of the country, ready to give up four weeks of the best holiday time to learning their duty along with the Guards. It is gratifying to see the names of several Militia officers among them; and these must be regarded as more practical in their views than those of their comrades who are complaining of the visit of London Volunteer sergeants to Aldershot for tactical instruction as the allowance of a privilege denied to themselves. Aldershot training for Militia officers has been dropped latterly because Militia officers did not accept the chance of going. They should not now find a grievance in Volunteer sergeants being allowed there just one week in the year at their own expense.

The New Wimbledon.

Those London Volunteers who can spare an afternoon before the autumn closes should pay a visit to Bisley. I think that a sight of the great butts as they are rapidly rising by the labours of the Aldershot troops would convince them that "another year at Wimbledon" is out of the question, and show them also that—whatever disadvantages there may be—the National Rifle Association has at least chosen a charming site. Just now the heather on the hills and plains is in all its glory, and for beauty and quietness Bisley is on a level with Wimbledon, perhaps a peg above.

EYES FRONT.

Tobacconists Commencing.—See Illus. Guide, 220 pages, 3 stamps. Tobacconists' Outfitting Company (Reg.), 11, Beech-street, London, E.C. Manager, H. Myers.—[Advt.]

CHIEF CITIES AND TOWNS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

"BEAUTIFUL BOURNEMOUTH."

(From Our Own Holiday-maker.)

"BEAUTIFUL Bournemouth" is the most delightfully picturesque Watering-Place in England. People who knew Bournemouth twenty years ago will tell you that it is spoiled. William Morris complains that the beautiful pine-woods have been cut down to make way for "blackguardly villas." But Bournemouth is so lovely still that if this formidable indictment is true it must have been the loveliest spot in England before the era of the tourist fairly set in. It is the fashion to go to Bournemouth now: and the pretty seaside town must suffer all the disadvantages connected therewith. For

Not only is Bournemouth Pretty,

it is also health-giving. People have been known to journey all the way from America to breathe its ozone and to inhale the perfume of its pines. Scarcely any other place in England combines so many hygienic and natural advantages.

The London and South-Western Railway Company

has recently spent over £600,000 in opening up a new and shorter route to Bournemouth. This is in keeping with other improvements effected since the accession of the present able manager, Mr. Charles Scotter. Formerly one went through Ringwood, and, in old days, had to change there. The new line branches off from Brockenhurst in the New Forest, and fast trains from London take the Bournemouth passengers in a very brief time. Bournemouth has two stations—one, that at East Bournemouth, is one of the largest and finest stations in the country; while West Bournemouth, situated at an equal distance from the centre of the town, is small. If you go to the latter you pass through the old town of Poole, with its fine expanse of water and narrow streets with last-century houses, and through Parkstone, where you will notice at the station an inscription proclaiming it to be "the Mentone of England"—a statement that must be taken with some grains of salt. West Bournemouth is connected with the Midland system; but London passengers generally go to the big new station at East Bournemouth.

Now the peculiar feature of Bournemouth is that it is

A Town Built in a Pine Forest.

Grievous havoc has certainly been made of the pines, and the lover of nature sighs to see the new roads laid out and the "blackguardly villas" going up, pretty though the houses are: but enough pines remain to give the place a marked and fragrant individuality. You can still roam for miles through winding paths in the pine-forests, and almost make believe you are in Norway. Next to the pines,

The Chines

are the chief attraction of the place. A chine is simply a gorge running up from the sea inland, its rugged sides covered with gorse and bracken—a lovely piece of nature to counteract the artifices of man. There are six of these chines from Boscombe in the east (adorned by the exquisite art of the landscape gardener) to Branksome in the west (left charmingly and romantically wild). Stand at the head of one and look down the gorge to the shining sea, and you will have a nature-picture such as no other seaside place in England can show. Now let us get

A General Idea

of what this extremely fascinating, clean, and salubrious town is like. In form it is long and narrow, stretching along by the sea, with which most of its roads are parallel. From Southbourne, on the extreme east, to Branksome Chine, let us say, on the west, is about five miles by the coast. This is not all built over, though it probably will be one day. The Branksome Park region is only beginning to be peopled, and between Southbourne and Bournemouth proper are Pokesdown and Boscombe, the former presenting a large pine-forest not yet attacked by the builder. Bournemouth proper is about two and a half miles from east to west, and scarcely a mile from its northern limits to the seashore. You thus get an idea of a long, narrow, straggling place intersected with pine-trees. To the north-east is a glorious common; to the north-west is an immense area of wooded land. I think it would be hard for even the speculative builder to spoil

"BEAUTIFUL BOURNEMOUTH": VIEW LOOKING EAST.
(From a Photograph by Messrs. G. West and Son, The Arcade, Bournemouth.)

The Shore at Bournemouth.

You have no flat esplanade as at so many seaside places, crowded with carriages and made as much like London as possible. Instead of that, there are cliffs, sloping down to a beach of clean, dry sand, picturesque in their gorse bushes left in a natural state. Along the cliffs you may wander up and down, twisting and winding about as you please, and frequently you will find pleasantly situated seats from which you can view the sea far below.

The Sea at Bournemouth

is particularly charming. I suppose it is sometimes rough there, but it has always been my fortune to see it calm and placid, with alternating tints of pale green, dove colour, delicate blue, conveying soft and lovely impressions, stripped of the wild terror which in many places the sea inspires. The wavelets break gently on the beach, and a deep sense of rest and peace enters the soul as the eye to natural sights and sounds. Bournemouth, of course, has its pier, standing out from the centre of the town; and lately there has been opened a new pier at Boscombe. While the expanse of sea is great, you yet get fine shore effects to the west, owing to the beautiful curve of the coast; while, to the east, the Isle of Wight and the Needles add to the interest of the scene.

The most beautiful feature of the central part of Bournemouth is

The Public Garden,

a long, narrow, winding strip of about a mile long, through which a little stream meanders, making green the grass and gay the flowers which adorn this fair Eden. You cannot but admire the care devoted to this garden. The town has no public buildings of note, but the central streets are gay with handsome shops, and

The Arcade

and Townhall Avenue are favourite promenades. The former is a covered glass way 200 ft. long by 20 ft. wide, and is daily paraded in the season by fashion and beauty, come to look at one another, and at the pretty things in the shops. The Townhall, Shaftesbury Hall, Gallery of Fine Arts, and Theatre are among the chief buildings. Bournemouth is much given to

Church-going,

and there are many churches and chapels concerning whose architectural features the local guide-books are eloquent. There is one of these specially interesting to the visitor—St. Peter's Church, a beautiful modern church, of the Early Decorated Gothic order, built by the late George Edmund Street. But the chief interest lies not so much in the architecture of the church as in a spot in the churchyard, about 20 ft. from the south-east end of the structure. Here is an altar-tomb, inclosed by an iron railing, and bearing an inscription which tells you that below lie the remains of

William Godwin,

the celebrated author of "Political Justice," his wife, Mary Wollstonecroft, the vindicator of the Rights of Women, and their daughter Mary, wife of the poet Shelley. Mary Shelley survived the poet thirty-five years, dying Feb. 1, 1857, and was buried here, the remains of her father and mother being at the same time removed from St. Pancras churchyard in London. Here, if you care for one of the most interesting periods in our literature, you will pause and think over the tragic story of mingled love and sorrow, genius and error. It is also worthy of note that

Keble Lived at Bournemouth

the last four months of his life, and attended this church. A portrait of him is to be seen in a window of the transept where he used to sit. From churches to charitable institutions is but a short step, both proceeding from the moral and emotional element in man's nature. A place as healthy as Bournemouth is naturally good for invalids.

The National Sanatorium

stands on an eminence overlooking the Public Garden: it affords an asylum for patients afflicted with chest diseases. The Victoria Hospital, in the Queen Anne style, on the Poole road; the Herbert Convalescent Home, the Bournemouth Dispensary and Cottage Hospital, the Hospital for Hip Disease in Children, the Firs Home for Consumptives, St. Mary's Home for Invalid Ladies, the Hahnemann Homœopathic Dispensary, and other benevolent institutions aid in the nursing, treatment, and recovery of the sick. For those who need a physician numerous institutions and opportunities for amusement exist. The Bournemouth Club is situated on the sands overlooking the sea; and numerous football, rowing, cricket, and other clubs abound. Besides the sea fresher there are plenty of baths to be had—one of them an admirable swimming-bath, 80 ft. long, and filled with sea-water, belonging to the aforesaid Mr. Roberts.

The Steam-Boats

are numerous and excellent. In the summer and autumn you can go by boat as far as Brighton on the east, or Torquay in the west; while there are regular steam-boat excursions to places near at hand, such as sweet Swanage and the Isle of Wight. Season tickets for these steamers are issued at a very low rate. Who that has been renovated by the pleasant and cheap Channel to sweet Swanage and back would not gladly seize the opportunity, if it were offered, to make this voyage daily?

Four-in-Hands

also make daily trips to such places of interest as Corfe Castle, the New Forest, Wimborne Minster, &c. Music abounds, bands playing daily on the Pier, in the Arcade, and in the Public Garden. Beautiful Bournemouth, in fine, is a health-giving holiday resort with such an abiding charm that those who have once been enchanted and benefited by a sojourn amid its bracing pine-woods return to it again and again with invariable pleasure.

(To be concluded next week.)

A REASONING GROUSE.

MR. JAMES MCKENZIE, Dingwall, N.B., writes to *Field and Gun* that a curious case, denoting reasoning almost approaching to reason in the grouse, came under his notice last year, after the snow disappeared in June, which proved so fatal on some of our Scotch moors. A few days after the snow disappeared, he says, "I found a grouse nest of seven eggs, and the hen sitting. Having occasion to look at the nest some weeks later, I went to look at the eggs, and I fancied that it had undergone some alteration. Upon closer examination I found that a new nest, about two inches thick had been built on the top of the old one. To effect this, the eggs must have been removed from the old nest and put into the new.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

The beach is good for bathing, since the slope is gradual. One of the pleasantest places to stay at is Marlborough House, Mr. Roberts's homely boarding-house, next the baths: and the host and hostess will be found as genial and natural as the illustrious host and hostess of another Marlborough House have the reputation of being.

CELANDINE is the only certain Cure for Corns. Never fails to remove by the roots. No cutting. Positively cures in a week. Thousands of testimonials free. 1s. Bottle by post for 14 stamps, from CHAVE and JACKSON, Chemists, Hereford. Sold everywhere. Refuse imitations.—[ADVT.]

RAILWAY SERVANTS. — Signalmen, Porters, and others, who have frequently long intervals of work between meals, should drink COLMAN'S FLESH FOOD, a sustaining beverage, agreeable and comforting.—[ADVT.]

SPELLS OF WORK. Beware of imitations.—[ADVT.]

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.—LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Bottles, 1s. 6d. Everywhere.—[ADVT.]

THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD.

BERLIN.—[Letter VII.]

(From our Special Correspondent.)

The Rural Surroundings

of a big city like Berlin are, of course, not covered by two places only like Potsdam and Charlottenburg. In fact, the Prussian metropolis being situated in part on sandy soil, it may be said that with the development of the city it has gained in pretty suburban districts. The railway naturally facilitates greatly the communications, and enables one to go somewhat further afield for outings in the country. No doubt, carriage drives are still likewise in vogue for reaching those places; but driving has, in most cases, the drawback of the traffic being greatly impeded by the sand, which is so soft that the making of macadamised roads meets with almost insuperable difficulties. In fact, for this reason it has been a hard task to maintain the pavement of the Berlin streets in good condition.

The Hilly Ground of the Pichelsberge,

the Grunewald with its charming romantic chain of lakes, Pichelswerder, and Spandau, with their delightful views of the Havel, on the road to which one passes the "West-end," a nice colony of very pretty villas, are all decidedly well adapted for excursions to the country west of Berlin.

In the North-West

there are, besides the Jungfernheide, of which I spoke in my last letter, the Plötzenlake, Saatwinkel, and Tegel, on the Tegel Lake. Tegel is a pretty village, about six miles from the Oranienburg Gate, and may also be reached by steamer from Spandau. The little palace in the park was the residence of William von Humboldt, and at the end of the park is the family vault of the Humboldts, with excellent monuments.

To the East and South

of the city there are also a goodly number of places with pretty scenery—for example, Rummelsburg, Stralau, Treptow, Rixdorf, Tempelhof, &c. To the north there is Pankow, Schönhausen—from which latter the Bismarck family take their title, Bismarck-Schönhausen—Weissensee, Französisch-Buchholz, Schönholz, the Jungfernheide Forest, Reinickendorf, Grünau, Josephsthal, the Müggel Hills, with the great Müggel Lake, Freienwalde, Buckow, Cöpenick, and many other places. Farther away, a few hours by rail, is a most peculiar country—the Spreewald. It consists of

A Group of Islands,

into which it is cut up by the river Spree, and is most interesting in the spring. Its inhabitants are descendants of the Wends. They not only adhere to the peculiar dress of their forefathers, but also to their language, although, of course, they all speak German.

But enough has been said to show that Berlin is not as destitute of country scenery as some people will have one believe.

Although not quite so much addicted to pleasure-seeking as the Viennese,

The Berliners

are fond of all kinds of enjoyments. Regattas on the Spree and Havel have become very popular entertainments; and, since the wooden bridges with their very narrow arches are fast disappearing and are superseded by well-built stone ones, there is much more scope for them. Navigation on the Spree close to Berlin was up to very recently very much impeded by the narrow arches of the wooden bridges.

Swimming

is another favourite pastime here, and there are many river and private swimming establishments, and the Berliners are great experts in swimming, ladies as well as gentlemen.

The Germans have the reputation of being thrifty. The Berliners make no exception to this rule. It used to be a most interesting sight to visit

The Gendarmenmarkt,

Alexander-Platz, Dönhofsplatz, and other like places in the morning. Ladies, accompanied by their cooks, flocked thither to make their purchases of vegetables, cheese, bacon, and other comestibles, which the cooks had to carry home in large baskets. No cook in London would submit to that ordeal. But the Berlin housewife takes a pride in her economical habits, and barters with the peasant, never paying the price asked. Amusing it often was to listen to the talk between vendor and purchaser. There is much ready wit among these people: the remarks are often very pithy. Now these open-air markets are getting rarer. They have been superseded by the

Market-Halls.

The first one, and now the busiest, the Central Market-Hall (Sketched for us by a skilful German Artist), was established in 1886. There are now eight of these halls, and others are being built. They open daily at 7 a.m., close at 1 p.m., and reopen from 5 till 8 p.m. Most shops in Berlin open at 7 a.m., the better-class ones at 8 at the latest.

The Regent Streets of Berlin

are the Friedrichstrasse and Unter den Linden. There are other thoroughfares where shops predominate, but the best shops are in the streets just named. There is no "Universal Provider" like your Whiteley.

An interesting institution is the

Metropolitan Slaughter House.

It covers about twelve acres of ground, a cattle market being connected with it, and the slaughter of animals is confined to that establishment.

Hotels and Restaurants

of all grades, suitable to different classes and

BERLIN CENTRAL MARKET.

SOUP KITCHEN, BERLIN.

purses, are to be found in good number, the elegant ones Unter den Linden and Friedrichstrasse, and the Kaiserhof on the Zietenplatz. There are also a few boarding-houses.

Wine and Beer Taverns

abound. Haussmann's Wine House, in the Jägerstrasse, is the rendezvous of some journalists and Deputies. You can get a Schoppen (half a bottle) of pleasant German wine at from fivepence to sixpence. In most of these establishments you will see dice on the table, merely used by knots of acquaintances to determine who is to pay for the drink.

One restaurant for ladies exclusively is that established by

The Lette-Verein,

which, like its kindred association, the Pestalozzi-Froebel Home, offers education to the daughters of the less-propertied classes at a moderate charge, and instructs them in all a lady can want in after-life, fitting them for the kitchen as well as for the drawing-room and for arts and sciences. In the Pestalozzi-Froebel Home, boys are likewise admitted. The food is offered at moderate prices. The Berliners are strongly opposed to begging, and you cannot help noticing almost on the doorpost of every house a little plate with the inscription "Mitglied des Vereins gegen das Betteln" (Member of the Anti-Begging Association)—in other words, "No beggar need apply." But, on the other hand, there is much being done for the poor; and the Volksküchen—

People's Kitchens

—inaugurated in 1856, are excellent arrangements. There are now about sixteen of these eating-houses, where good, wholesome, and substantial food is offered at very moderate prices. And then there are the Soup Kitchens—vide Illustration—where the poor are supplied with meals at about 1½d. to 2½d. (15 to 25 Pfennige). Young ladies, volunteers who are acting out of charity, officiate.

An interesting scene of Berlin street-life are the

Playgrounds for Children,

of which there are several close to the Royal Castle—for instance, the Kastanienwäldchen and the Lustgarten, and one in the Thiergarten The nurses, in their fantastic peasant costumes, give picturesqueness to the scenes.

The visit of the Emperor Francis Joseph, which brought the Emperor William, and numerous civil and military dignitaries back to town, broke the monotony of the holiday season. All these grand folks have deserted the city now. Prince Bismarck has gone to his delightful retreat of Friedrichsruh, not far from Hamburg, and one of the most charming country seats in the vicinity of that city. Soon the holiday people will return to Berlin, for with September the autumn and winter season begins, and the theatres, which were closed during the summer, reopen their doors.

(To be concluded next week with a Chat on the Berlin Theatres.)

Keating's Powder.—Kills Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles, and all Insects (perfectly unrivalled). Harmless, to everything but Insects. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s.—[Advt.]

To Cure Skin Diseases.—Sulpholine Lotion drives away all eruptions, pimples, blotches, redness, and disfigurements, leaving a clear, spotless skin. Bottles, everywhere.—[Advt.]

BRIGHTON REGATTA.

The fresh descriptions of Brighton's attractions in the August Numbers of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* have sent many visitors to this favourite South-Coast Watering-Place. Its annual regatta proved of interest on Saturday last. The principal event was the race for Senior Amateur Four-oared Galleys, the winner of which counts a win towards the South-Coast Challenge Cup, in addition to securing a prize of £16, presented by the Mayor and Corporation. Five towns were represented, and after a good race the St. Leonards boat won, Dover being second, and Brighton third. The Junior Amateur Single Sculls fell to T. Bullers, of Arundel; the Senior Amateur Pair-oared Skiffs to Rigden and Croeser, of Dover; Amateur Single Sculls to C. Griggs, of Brighton Excelsior Club; Amateur Junior Pairs to Cogswell and Angell, of Southsea; Amateur Junior Fours to Worthing Britannia Club; the Maiden Amateur Fours to Worthing Alliance Club; and the Coastguard Race to Brighton boat. Owing to the lack of wind, the Chester, of the Royal London Yacht Club, won the principal race with the favourite. The race for Sailing Punts fell to the Nell of the East Brighton Sailing Club. In addition to these were the races for the fishermen, and a number of aquatic varieties. At the head of the West Pier at night there was a display of fireworks

A SURVIVOR FROM KHARTOUM.

The African traveller Herr Fricke, who in the spring was often mentioned as a member of the German Emin Pasha Expedition, has arrived at Hamburg, after having been in Africa since 1875. He accompanied General Gordon's last expedition to the Soudan, and was at Khartoum during its capture by the followers of the Mahdi. He is one of the few fortunate ones who escaped. His return before the beginning of the Emin Pasha Expedition was due to dissensions with Dr. Peters.

OLD INNS AT LLANGOLLEN.

A correspondent writes: "In your article on Llangollen, published last week, nothing was said of the admirable old inns which are to be found in that idyllic town. Seventy years ago there was no little rivalry between the 'Head' (now the 'Royal') and the 'Hand.' It was probably at the latter that Hazlitt regaled on the occasion described in his essays, when he spoke of sitting down to read 'The New Héloïse' over a cold fowl and a bottle of sherry. It was at the 'Head' that Charles James Mathews wrote the lines in which he said:—

> You may clearly understand
> How much the 'Head' is superior to the 'Hand.'

More recently some writer staying at a smaller house, but none the less comfortable, the 'Eagle,' has written in its visitors' book:—

> In lovely Llangollen, when at nightfall you tire,
> And look for good fare by a jolly good fire,
> And a welcome as warm as your heart can desire!
> Let not either the 'Royal' or 'Hand' you inveigle
> (Though good in their way), but go to the 'Eagle,'
> Where the cheer you will find is, believe me, quite regal."

Accident to the Earl of Camperdown.—The Earl of Camperdown, who resides at Camperdown House, near Dundee, was, the other day, driving home from a shooting excursion, accompanied by his head gamekeeper, when the horse became restive, and dashed the dogcart against a wall. Both the occupants were thrown out: the gamekeeper escaped unhurt, but Lord Camperdown lay on the ground stunned. He was conveyed to Camperdown House, and it is reported that he is recovering.

Yes, the Ruptured will still find Dr. Sherman at his London office, 64, Chancery-lane, where his wonderful success draws the afflicted from all parts of England, and where you and all others should go who entertain the hope of ever being cured. Our advice is, send for his books, English and American, post-free for 6d. in stamps, and inform yourselves.—[Advt.]

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S
(BREAKFAST)
COCOA
NEEDS ONLY BOILING WATER OR MILK.

THE PUREST CONFECTIONERY CHEAPER THAN EVER, supplied by JOHN H. CATES, Wholesale and Export Confectioner, 90, High-street, Borough, S.E. Town and Country Dealers will find no better house. Trade Price-Lists free by post. All orders to the amount of £2 and upwards carriage paid to any railway station; and all orders to the amount of £1, carriage paid within Carter, Paterson, and Co.'s delivery. Goods delivered in town by our own vans daily. Five per cent discount allowed off all goods sold and delivered at the counter when amounting to 10s. and upwards.

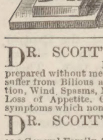
DR. RIDGE'S
PATENT COOKED FOOD.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
"USED NOW IN ALL THE ROYAL NURSERIES."

FOR BREAKFAST.
THE PERFECTION OF PREPARED COCOA.
TAYLOR BROTHERS'
"MARAVILLA" COCOA.
Sold in Tin-lined Packets only by all Grocers.

A SOLUBLE COCOA.
Making a delicious beverage of the consistency of Tea.
TAYLOR BROTHERS'
PURE CONDENSED COCOA.
AN AFTERNOON CHOCOLATE.
Sold in Tins only, by all Grocers.

TAYLOR BROTHERS,
MARAVILLA, HOMŒOPATHIC, ROCK, FLAKE, PEARL, and PURE COCOA MANUFACTURERS.
Brick-lane and Wentworth-street Steam Mills, Spitalfields, London.

Seasonable Delicacy.
BROWN & POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR
With Stewed Fruit.



3s. SEWING MACHINE (Patented No. 7309). Does work which will bear comparison with that of any £5 Machine. No complications; no winding of bobbins; no trouble; no teaching. It will do all the family dressmaking, &c. Sent, carriage free, 3s. 6d.; two for 6s. 6d.; extra needles 6d. and 1s. per packet. Address: SEWING MACHINE CO., 10 Dep., 55, Chancery-lane, London, W.C.

DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER PILLS, prepared without mercury, are invaluable to all who suffer from Bilious and Liver Complaints, Indigestion, Wind, Spasms, Nervous Depression, Irritability, Loss of Appetite, Giddiness, and all those other symptoms which none but a sufferer can describe.

DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER PILLS as a General Family Aperient Medicine have no equal, being mild in their operation and grateful to the stomach. They give a healthy tone and vigour to the different secretions, causing the necessary organs of the stomach and liver to resume their activity, thus restoring the appetite, promoting digestion, and strengthening the whole system.

DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER PILLS should be kept at hand by all heads of households, to resort to on any slight occasion of ailing on the part of those under their charge, as by paying attention to the regular action of the stomach, liver, and bowels many a severe illness is avoided or mitigated.

DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER PILLS are wrapped in a square green package, bearing the name of the proprietor, W. LAMBERT, 173 Seymour-place, London, W.

CURE OF DEAFNESS, Noises in the Ears, Stammerng and Stuttering, and other nervous ailments. The Rev. E. J. SILVERTON may be consulted personally or by letter, free of cost. New Treatise, post-free, 6 stamps.—24, Imperial-buildings, Ludgate-circus, London.

LANGDON DAVIES and CO.
WHAT IS A PERFECT WATCH?
SPLENDID CATALOGUE, with reply; also, "HOW TO CHOOSE A WATCH." 1000 Engravings: also remarkable testimonials sent gratis and post-free. Distinctly lowest prices in the trade. Specialité, RELIABLE WATCHES, prices from 7s. 9d. to 200 guineas. BEST SELECTION IN THE WORLD. The RELIANCE LEVER, 50s.; the CHRONOMETER LEVER, 63s.; the TEMPOMETER, 70s.; the DEMI-CHRONOMETER, 105s., are four of the best Watches ever made in any country.

£2 10s. ENGLISH LEVER at FIFTY SHILLINGS! Our new Special English Lever is unapproached by any Watch of the day. Capped, jewelled, sterling silver cases, and warranted. Extra qualities, 60s., 70s., to 120s. A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL ALLOWED.

"KNOCKABOUT" WATCH, 7s. 9d. Not a small clock, nor a toy; but our own spécialité, a Genuine Watch, with jewelled movement, nickelled cases, and warranted serviceable for years. Lady's size, 8s. 6d. Gent's Keyless, 9s. 6d. Keyless Lever, matchless timekeeper, 25s. Cheapest real Watches ever made. Every one guaranteed.

DO NOT BUY JEWELLERY at a Shop. Send direct to the Manufacturers. Birmingham supplies the World with Jewellery. Hall-marked Name Brooch, 1s. 6d.; Frosted Silver Set, Brooch, 10d.; Earrings, 8d.; Silver Necklet, 3s.; Silver Locket, 2s.; Silver Bracelet, 1s.; Silver Ring, 9d.; Horse-shoe Scarf Pins, 6d.; Lady's Albert, 4s. 6d.; Gents' Silver Albert and Key, 5s. All genuine silver, at wholesale prices. 9-carat Gold Keepers, 3s.; Gold Earrings, 2s. 9d.; genuine 18-carat Diamond Ring, 34s.; 800 Illustrations of Jewellery in Catalogue. Electro-Plate and Cutlery at Manufacturers' prices. Alarm Clocks, 5s. 6d.; Aneroids, 7s., &c.
WATCH CLUBS SUPPLIED.
LANGDON DAVIES and CO.,
Belgrave House, Bristol-street, Birmingham.
SEND POST-CARD FOR CATALOGUE.

WATCHES.—In Bankruptcy. 500 Solid SILVER WATCHES, four holes jewelled, 10s. 6d. each; superior ditto, 12s. 6d. Being genuine, any sent post-free on approval.—BENNETT, Practical Maker, Accountant, and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey. Lists and Prices of others post-free.

LEVER WATCHES—LEVER WATCHES.
WHY go to large shops and pay five guineas, when you can buy the same with a five-years' warranty for Two Guineas? Sent on approval post-free.—BENNETT, Practical Maker and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey.

CLOCKS—IN BANKRUPTCY CLOCKS.
500 LARGE MARBLE CLOCKS, variegated pillars, gold lines, going 15 days, 15s. 6d. each. Any sent on approval, with five years' warranty.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

MUSICAL BOXES—IN BANKRUPTCY.
150 LARGE powerful-tone BOXES, playing six tunes, 30s.; usual price, £4 4s. 100 ditto, playing eight tunes, extra large, £2 2s.; usual price, £6 6s. Any sent on approval. List of tunes post-free.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

BENZINE COLLAS.
Ask for "COLLAS."
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.

BENZINE COLLAS. Buy "Cellas."
REMOVES TAR, OIL,—PAINT, GREASE,
REMOVES TAR, OIL,—PAINT, GREASE,
FROM FURNITURE,—CLOTH, &c.

BENZINE COLLAS. Try "Collas."
See the word COLLAS on the Labe and Cap.
Extra refined, nearly odourless.
On using becoming quite odourless.

BENZINE COLLAS.
Ask for "COLLAS"
Preparation and take no other.
Sold everywhere, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. per Bottle.
Agents: J. SANGER and SONS, 489, Oxford-street, W.

NEARLY 40,000 BEDS ALREADY SOLD BY US.
NEWHAM'S CELEBRATED LINCOLNSHIRE FEATHER BEDS.
THE CHEAPEST FEATHER BEDS IN THE WORLD.
Direct from the Factory, BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.

THE COTTAGE SINGLE BED, BOLSTER, and PILLOW, 6 ft. 3 in. by 3 ft. 6 in., weighing 40 lb.	30s. 0d.
THE OSBORNE DOUBLE BED, BOLSTER, and TWO PILLOWS, 6 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 6 in., weighing 50 lb.	37s. 6d.
THE WINDSOR DOUBLE BED, BOLSTER, and TWO PILLOWS, 6 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 6 in., weighing 55 lb.	41s. 3d.
THE ROYAL EXTRA-SIZED BED, BOLSTER, and TWO PILLOWS, 6 ft. 6 in. by 5 ft., weighing 65 lb.	48s. 9d.

WARRANTED NEW AND SWEET.
Any size Bed only 9d. per lb., including Feathers, in Strong Union (bordered) Tick, making, packing, wrapper, and carriage paid to any station in the United Kingdom. Samples of Feathers and Ticks, Price-Lists, &c., post-free.
For the convenience of Purchasers we have opened Branches at 178, Strand, London, W.C., and 55, Great Ancoats-street, Manchester, where Samples and Beds can be obtained personally; or by letter.
All orders must be accompanied by Cheque or P.O.O. (which, as security to purchasers, may be post-dated ten days) payable to
NEWHAM and CO., Boston, Lincolnshire;
THOS. DOWNS, 55, Great Ancoats-st., Manchester;
or THOMAS SMITH, 178, Strand, London, W.C.
Feathers only 9d. per lb. The trade supplied. Please mention this Paper. A great reduction on three or more Beds.

4s. 6d. IRISH LINEN COLLARS.
Gents' Fourfold all Pure Linen Collars, all sizes and shapes, 4s. 6d. per dozen.
Sample White Shirts, Two Shillings and Sixpence.
Linen Fittings, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 6s. 6d. each, post-free. Write for Samples Linen, Goods Free.—G. R. HUTTON and CO., Larne, Belfast.

LADIES! LADIES! LADIES!
CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN BOND'S GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK, Chemists' Great Prize Competition (see "British and Colonial Druggist," July 20) was proved to have a sale of over 1,300 per cent larger than combined sales of other makes, stationery shippers and stores not included. Forty-one Gold Medals and Royal Appointments. Caution.—See you get CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN BOND'S.

AFTER USE. AFTER USE.

LADIES' HAIR; WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHIOS POSITIVELY FORCED to grow heavily in a few weeks, WITHOUT INJURY TO THE SKIN, and NO MATTER AT WHAT AGE, by using EDWARDS' INSTANTANEOUS AMERICAN HARLENE. The WORLD-RENOWNED REMEDY for BALDNESS, from whatever cause arising. As a producer of WHISKERS and MOUSTACHIOS it has never been equalled. As a CURER of WEAK and THIN EYELASHES, or RESTORING GREY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR, NEVER FAILS. 1s. per Bottle; post, free from observation, 1s. 3d. P.O. preferred.
T. EDWARDS, 5, New Oxford-street, London, W.C.

VEGETARIAN HAIR DYE. Recipe how to make same free for Shilling Postal Order. Inexpensive: will keep for years in any climate. Avoid all advertised nostrums, which are principally composed of solution of lead, nitrate of silver, or other deadly poisons.
GANGE, St. Helens, Isle of Wight.

POOLE'S TWO LATEST MYRIORAMAS IN LONDON.—JOSEPH POOLE'S at TOWNHALL, SHOREDITCH. CHAS. W. POOLE'S at SANGER'S AMPHITHEATRE, Westminster Bridge-road. PICTORIAL TOURS all over the Globe. Both Myrioramas different in every respect. The Great Alvantee and Monster Variety Company at each Establishment. NIGHTLY at Eight; SATURDAYS at Three and Eight.

ADELPHI.—A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.—TO-NIGHT, at Eight, Dion Boucicault's celebrated Irish drama, THE SHAUGHRAUN. Mr. William Terriss, &c. Doors open, Seven; Farce, 7.15. Box-office, Ten to Five.

EMIGRATION TO QUEENSLAND BY STEAMER.
FREE PASSAGES are granted to FEMALE SERVANTS, Housemaids, Laundresses, Cooks, &c., of good character, between seventeen and thirty-five years of age, on payment of £1 for ship kit and fare to depôt in London, all of whom are in great demand in the Colony, and receive wages from £20 to £50 per annum, and board and lodging. An experienced Matron accompanies each steamer, and, on arrival, passengers are received into the Government depôt, free of cost.
Assisted passages are also granted to approved females, such as nurses, seamstresses, &c., and to labourers whose labour is connected with the land, such as ploughmen gardeners, miners, navvies.
Forms of application, rates of passage, handbooks, and all other information may be obtained on application to
THE AGENT-GENERAL FOR QUEENSLAND,
1, Westminster Chambers,
Victoria-street, London, S.W.
All persons who pay their own passages to the Colony should apply for LAND ORDER WARRANTS. Forms and particulars to be obtained from the Shipping Firms booking the passengers, or from the Agent-General for Queensland.

BIRKBECK BANK.—Established 1854. Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, W.C. THREE PER CENT INTEREST allowed on Deposits, repayable on demand, and Two per Cent on Current Accounts when not drawn below £100. No charge for keeping accounts. Stocks and Shares purchased and sold.
The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with particulars, on application. Francis Ravenscroft, Manager.

SIX CABINET PORTRAITS, 3s.; Three for 2s. Twelve Carte Portraits, 2s. 2d; Six for 1s. 4d. Eight-inch Enlargement, 3s.; Three for 6s. Send Carte or Cabinet and Postal Order, and you will promptly receive Highly-finished Copies with Original. FRANCIS and CO., 29, Ludgate-hill, London.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.
NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS
are confidently recommended as a Simple but Certain Remedy for INDIGESTION.
See Testimonial, selected from Hundreds:—
"Croydon, 1885.
"Having been a sufferer from Indigestion for many years, I am happy to say that I have at last not only been relieved but perfectly cured by using Norton's Pills, and confidently recommend them to all suffering from the same.
"J. Wilkinson."
For other Testimonials, see Monthly Magazines.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s.

BUTLER'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Flutes, Clarionettes, Concertinas, Harmoniums, Pianos, Cornets. Violins, with bows, in case, complete, 20s. 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., sent carriage paid. G. BUTLER, 29, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Catalogues, 60 pages, sent post-free.

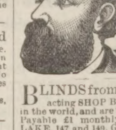
BUTLER'S BRASS-BAND INSTRUMENTS, Drums, Flutes, Clarionets, Cornets, Saxhorns, &c., in use in all parts of the world, giving universal satisfaction.—29, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Price-List post-free.

D'ALMAINE and CO. PIANOS and ORGANS. ABSOLUTE SALE. New Partnership. Ten years warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos, 8 guineas, 10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c.

Class 0, 14 gs.	Class 3, 23 gs.	Class 6, 35 gs.
Class 1, 17 gs.	Class 4, 26 gs.	Class 7, 40 gs.
Class 2, 20 gs.	Class 5, 30 gs.	Class 8, 45 gs.

American Organs, by all the best makers, from 4½ gs. upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken, and will be exchanged free if not approved of within one month. Illustrations and particulars post-free.—T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Est. 104 years), 91, Finsbury-pavement, London.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of all kinds, and FITTINGS, at T. R. WILLIS ("Tower" Organ Works), 29, Minories, London. Established 1827.



WHY? Why Whiskers and Moustachios are frequently very backward in growing? Why many persons remain bald? Why many persons remain grey? Answers to all these questions are given in Latreille's treatise, entitled "Cultivation of Hair." Sent by post, free of charge, to any person forwarding name and address to JOHN LATREILLE, Hair Grower, Kennington, London, S.E. (Estd. 25 years at Walworth.)

BLINDS from £3 5s. Westlake's self-acting SHOP BLINDS command the largest sale in the world, and are the best and cheapest in London. Payable £1 monthly; discount for cash.—WESTLAKE, 147 and 149, Great College-st., Camden Town.

A BOON TO INVENTORS. Large Incomes are made from Patented Ideas. Fees under new Act are now reduced, either for simple or intricate matters. Sales and advances. Pamphlet free. Address—Secretary, British and Foreign Patent Offices, Poets'-corner, Westminster. Established 25 years.

NAMES FOR BOOKS. 100 LABELS (cut and gummed), with your name neatly printed thereon, eight stamps. R. PETERS, Tovil, Maidstone.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION. Pimples, Black Specks, Freckles, Sunburn, and unsightly Blotches on the Face, Neck, Arms, and Hands can be instantly removed by using Mrs. JAMES'S HERBAL OINTMENT, made entirely from herbs, and warranted harmless. It possesses a most delightful fragrance, and the lovely clearness it imparts to the skin astonishes everyone. Of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with testimonials and directions for use), post-free and free from observation, to any address, on receipt of 15 stamps, to Mrs. C. James, 268, Caledonian-road, Barnsbury, London, N.

HAIR DESTROYER.—JAMES'S Depilatory instantly and effectually removes superfluous hairs from the Face, Neck, or Arms, without injury to the skin. No lady should be without it. To be had of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with directions), free from observation, post-free, 15 stamps. Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

LUXURIANT HAIR.—Long Flowing Eyelashes, Eyebrows, &c., are quickly Produced by using JAMES'S HERBAL POMADE. It is most invaluable for the production of whiskers, beard, and moustachios; it causes the hair to grow on bald places and scanty partings like magic. Of all Chemists, 1s.; or a box of it sent (with directions for use), free from observation, post-free for 15 stamps.—Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

TO STOUT PEOPLE
OBESITY easily, pleasantly, and certainly cured without hardship or nauseating drugs.
A valuable treatise, showing how fat can be destroyed (not merely lessened) and the cause removed, together with the prescription, advice, and full explanations HOW TO ACT, sent FREE on application.
"The only common-sense work on corpulency ever issued."—N.Y. Med. Review.
E. K. Lynton, Bloomsbury Mansion, Bloomsbury, London.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, for Varicose and Weakness, 5s.; Knee-caps, Leggings, Anklets 5s. 6d., 4s. each; Ladies' Abdominal Belts, 7s. 6d.; Rupture Truss, 4s. 6d. Illustrations, 4 stamps. MILLIKIN and LAWLEY, 165, Strand, London.

TOO FAT.
Dr. GORDON'S Elegant PILLS cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s., to
Dr. GORDON,
10, Brunswick-square, London, W.C.

WHISKERS, &c.—BALDNESS. Whiskerine positively forces luxuriant growth in a few days. Surprises everybody. Will prove it or forfeit £100. Free, 12 stamps.—J. RENNIE, Chemist, Sundays Well, Cork. Only test it.

AS we grow old marks under the eyes are apparent. This is altered by using ROSS'S SKIN TIGHTENER, 3s. 6d.; post-free, 4s. Chemists; or ROSS, 21, Lamb's-Conduit-street, W.C.

WYLWYRWELL CLOTH
(WILL WEAR WELL) REGISTERED
THE NEW MATERIAL FOR LADIES DRESSES

We will send a FULL DRESS LENGTH OF BEAUTIFUL CLOTH (for good, strong, serviceable wear), in any of the following colours, CARRIAGE PAID TO ANY ADDRESS for 10s. 6d. Colours: Black, Blue, Fawn, Salmon, Reseda, Slate, Old Rose, Crushed Strawberry, Ruby, Brown, Grey, Claret, Sage, Terra-Cotta, Amber, Peacock, Tabac, Smoke Crimson, Electric, Bronze, Myrtle, Drab, Olive, Grenat, Green, Navy, Heather, and all the Newest Colours for the present season. These wonderful Dress Lengths have gained a world-wide reputation for magnificence, cheapness, and durability, having no equal.—"Weldon's Illustrated Dressmaker" says: "These excellent Dress Cloths will give every satisfaction." "Lady's Pictorial" says: "These Half-Guinea Dress Lengths are strong and durable, and will stand any amount of rough wear" "The Queen" says: "Mr. Lutas Leathley's 10s. 6d. Cloth Dresses are extraordinarily cheap. The Countess of Westmeath begs to say she was very pleased with the Cloth Dress Length sent her by Mr. Lutas Leathley, which has given much satisfaction."
THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

AN AMAZING OFFER. We will GIVE a very handsome Brocaded Silk Handkerchief with each Dress Length purchased from us during this season. These handkerchiefs are excellent in quality and design, and may be had in white or cream.
SPECIAL NOTICE. Patterns of our wonderful 10s. 6d. CLOTH DRESS LENGTHS will be sent post-free to any address. We give the PATTERN FREE, so that LADIES who write for our PATTERNS have not the trouble and expense of returning them. Write at once for a full list of Patterns, and you will be astonished when you see them.

LUTAS P. LEATHLEY and CO., Cloth Dress Warehouse, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

A SHILLING MAGAZINE FOR A PENNY.

FINAL EDITION NOW ON SALE.

BEECHAM'S ILLUSTRATED HOLIDAY NUMBER.

ONE HUNDRED PAGES, WELL PRINTED IN CLEAR TYPE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS!
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX!

BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Bilious Attacks.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Nervous Disorders.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Indigestion in all its Forms.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Wind and Pains in the Stomach.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Have Saved the Lives of Thousands.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Are the Best Medicine for Female Complaints.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Giddiness.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Fullness and Swelling after Meals.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Are adapted for Old and Young.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Dizziness and Drowsiness.

This Publication, the most marvellous value ever offered to the Public, contains the following Tales, all specially written for this Book by the well-known and popular Authors mentioned.

"A GUARDIAN ANGEL."
By JAMES PAYN.

"THE ODD-EYED KITTEN."
By GEO. R. SIMS.

"A MONSTER IN VELVETEENS."
By HAWLEY SMART.

"A DARK JOURNEY FOR A WIFE."
By GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

"JACK ARKWORTH'S DETECTIVE," and Three Other Stories.
By SIR GILBERT CAMPBELL, Bart.

"A SELFISH ELFIN."
By JAMES GREENWOOD.

"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST."
By PHILIP MAY.

"MAGGIE: A Summer Idyll."
By SARAH S. HAMER.

"MRS. BELLARICK."
By IDA J. LEMON.

"THE SPANIARD'S REVENGE."
By HOWARD PAUL.

"ONE SUMMER NIGHT."
By EDWARD PUGH.

"WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT."
By CHARLES OGILVIE.

Etc., Etc.

BEECHAM'S PILLS!
A WONDERFUL MEDICINE!

BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Will Restore the Rosebud of Health to Everyone who Uses them.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Costiveness and Scurvy.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Blotches on the Skin.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Disturbed Sleep and Frightful Dreams.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
The First Dose Gives Relief in 20 minutes.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Are the Best Medicine in the World.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Sick Headache.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Are Recommended by Medical Men.

THREE MONTHS' FREE INSURANCE IS GUARANTEED TO THE PURCHASER OF EVERY COPY.

Pronounced by the Press of the Country to be the most extraordinary pennyworth yet issued, and just what a Holiday Number should be.

Published by F. J. LAMBERT and CO., 18, Bouverie-street, London, E.C.;
and by THOMAS BEECHAM, Proprietor of Beecham's Pills, St. Helens, Lancashire.

SOLD BY ALL NEWSVENDORS. PRICE ONE PENNY; PER POST, 2½D.

WORTH £100 GRATIS.

GIVEN GRATIS TO ALL.

The following important fact cannot be too frequently impressed upon the minds of suffering humanity, that Mr. Gould, E.B.P., of Bradford, has for some time past and is now giving the Hop prescription for Bitters to all applicants who send a stamp for postage. Anyone in possession of this valuable prescription can for 10d. make a quart of this marvellous medicine, and for 1s. 3d. can make two quarts, sufficient to serve for two weeks. It may be interesting to learn that with this prescription all kinds of hopeless cases have been treated with success when all other remedies had absolutely failed. People who have been partly paralysed have been relieved or cured with this prescription, others have had their reason restored, others their sight; people who could not sleep have had their sleep restored, others who could not eat have had their appetite restored; people who had suffered for years with indigestion and its consequences have had their digestive powers restored; people who have suffered martyrdom with a disordered liver, nervous debility, &c., have been cured; people subject to an accumulation of wind and water have found it disappear under its influence. A gentleman at Lincoln subject to fits fortnightly has not had a fit from the first moment he began taking it. People troubled for years with constipation have had their bowels become regular under its influence. It is a choice, rare, remarkable remedy. The prescription is simple, it is cheap, it is good. Those who haven't sent for it should. It will be found safe, sure, and reliable in almost all ailments incident to the human frame. It is a tonic, alterative, and an aperient combined of marvellous curative properties. These important facts may seem incredible, but it has done far more than is here claimed for it, proof of which is sent with each Prescription. Thousands are blessing the day the Hop Compound for Bitters fell across their path, and it is given absolutely free of charge to all applicants, rich or poor, who send a stamp for the postage of the same. A mode of self-treatment at home has been a long-felt want by all well-regulated minds, and will be found exceedingly advantageous to sensible persons who desire to know what they are swallowing. Address—Mr. GOULD, E.B.P., 479, Manchester-road, Bradford, Yorks. When writing name this paper.

FOOLS TAKE PHYSIC.

FOOLS TAKE PHYSIC to ruin their constitution. WISE people take the Hop compound for BITTERS. It harmonises with Nature, brightens the intellect, throws off languor and drowsiness, sharpens the keen edge of appetite, arouses into action the mainsprings of life, and makes all around seem bright and happy. The prescription is given free of charge on receipt of stamp for postage, by S. GOULD, E.B.P., Bradford, Yorks.

FOOLS TAKE PHYSIC.

FOOLS TAKE PHYSIC to ruin their constitution. WISE people take the Hop compound for BITTERS. It harmonises with Nature, brightens the intellect, throws off languor and drowsiness, sharpens the keen edge of appetite, arouses into action the mainsprings of life, and makes all round seem bright and happy. The prescription is given free of charge on receipt of stamp for postage, by S. GOULD, E.B.P., Bradford, Yorks.

FOOLS TAKE PHYSIC.

FOOLS TAKE PHYSIC to ruin their constitution. WISE people take the Hop compound for BITTERS. It harmonises with Nature, brightens the intellect, throws off languor and drowsiness, sharpens the keen edge of appetite, arouses into action the mainsprings of life, and makes all around seem bright and happy. The prescription is given free of charge on receipt of stamp for postage, by S. GOULD, E.B.P., Bradford, Yorks.

WORTH £100 GRATIS.

GIVEN GRATIS TO ALL.

The following important fact cannot be too frequently impressed upon the minds of suffering humanity, that Mr. Gould, E.B.P., of Bradford, has for some time past and is now giving the Hop prescription for Bitters to all applicants who send a stamp for postage. Anyone in possession of this valuable prescription can for 10d. make a quart of this marvellous medicine, and for 1s. 3d. can make two quarts, sufficient to serve for two weeks. It may be interesting to learn that with this prescription all kinds of hopeless cases have been treated with success when all other remedies had absolutely failed. People who have been partly paralysed have been relieved or cured with this prescription, others have had their reason restored, others their sight; people who could not sleep have had their sleep restored, others who could not eat have had their appetite restored; people who had suffered for years with indigestion and its consequences have had their digestive powers restored, people who have suffered martyrdom with a disordered liver, nervous debility, &c., have been cured; people subject to an accumulation of wind and water have found it disappear under its influence. A gentleman at Lincoln subject to fits fortnightly has not had a fit from the first moment he began taking it. People troubled for years with constipation have had their bowels become regular under its influence. It is a choice, rare, remarkable remedy. The prescription is simple, it is cheap, it is good; Those who haven't sent for it should. It will be found safe, sure, and reliable in almost all ailments incident to the human frame. It is a tonic, alterative, and an aperient combined of marvellous curative properties. These important facts may seem incredible, but it has done far more than is here claimed for it, proof of which is sent with each Prescription. Thousands are blessing the day the Hop Compound for Bitters fell across their path, and it is given absolutely free of charge to all applicants, rich or poor, who send a stamp for the postage of the same. A mode of self-treatment at home has been a long-felt want by all well-regulated minds, and will be found exceedingly advantageous to sensible persons who desire to know what they are swallowing. Address—Mr. GOULD, E.B.P., 479, Manchester-road, Bradford, Yorks. When writing name this paper.

FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS

WHAT THEY DO.

IF you have a dry, parched skin, with feverish symptoms, take "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" at once and regularly, and they will open the myriads of pores in the skin, and permit of the steady, gentle exudation of a refreshing, dewy moisture, affording the most marked relief and comfort to the patient.

If you have pimples, blotches, or scrofulous, eczematous, or other distressing cutaneous eruptive complaint, you will find that "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" will gradually and persistently effect an alterative, antiseptic, and purifying change in the blood, by which the latter is freed from poisonous impregnations, thereby cleansing and healing the skin, by depriving eruptive disease of the cause which gives it birth, and of the impure nourishment on which alone it can thrive.

Are you threatened with Typhus, Scarlet, Malarial, or other Fever, Smallpox, Measles, or kindred epidemic disease, or living in a district where any of such complaints are rife? Yes? then you may secure practical immunity from attack by using "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets," or, at the worst, will suffer from but a mild type of the prevailing complaint; for "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets," taken occasionally, but regularly, are Prophylactic, or Disease-preventing.

Should you be subject to or suffering from Rheumatism, then use "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets," for Sulphur is the oldest and best specific for Rheumatism, Rheumatic Fever, Sciatica, &c., while their pleasant taste and attractive appearance obviate all nauseousness. The "Sulphur Tablets" are of far greater efficacy and curative power than crude Sulphur, because of the constituents that are combined with the Sulphur, which develop and increase the palliative and curative properties of the Tablets.

Are you a delicate, disorganised, or ailing woman, lacking energy and ability to enjoy life because of deficiency or poorness of blood, or of weakness in its flow? or, maybe, you are of constipated habit of body? Then, in either or all of such instances, if you will be content to obtain gradual and sure relief, benefit, and cure, without violent hurry or hurtful shock to the system, take "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" in regular doses, for they will act for you in a threefold beneficial manner: *first*, by their alterative, or blood-*purifying* power; *second*, by their blood *tonic* effect, strengthening the flow and enabling the blood to imbibe, or otherwise take up, more vigour and power from the nutrient properties of the food taken into the stomach; and *third*, by corrective, gentle, yet effective laxative power, with beneficial influence on the kidneys, by which latter effect the bladder relieves the blood and system generally of poisonous nitrogenous *urea*, which, if not regularly excreted, and if retained only in minute quantities, will assuredly do immediate harm to the health. "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" *are invaluable for women*, however weak or delicate, *at all times*.

Children occasionally need something to cool and purify the blood, especially in the summer and at the change of the seasons, and often require a gentle corrective against costiveness. Those who value the health and permanent well-being of their children should give them "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets." They attain the end in view in a gentle yet thoroughly efficacious, pleasant, and agreeable form; while they never do harm, and do not, as so many medicines do, remove one evil only to create another. "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are absolutely safe, and of great curative efficacy for children, the latter of whom like and eat the Tablets as a sweetmeat, because of their pleasant taste and attractive appearance.

Clergymen in large towns, studious or business men, and hosts of others—men and women—living more or less sedentary lives, find an absolute necessity for the occasional use of a corrective against constipation. To such "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are a boon, being alike safe, sure, and agreeable. Moreover, they cool and purify the blood, which in persons of sedentary occupations is apt to become thick, and slow in flow, and therefore more ready to take up or germinate disease.

"Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are put up in Packets, price 1s. 1½d. Order of your chemist or grocer; or will be sent, post-free, on receipt of 1s. 3d., from the Sole Proprietors, Frazer and Co., 29, Ludgate-hill, London. E.C.

TEST THEM FREE OF CHARGE. SAMPLES GRATIS AND POST-FREE.

Messrs. FRAZER and CO., 29, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C., wishing to have their "Sulphur Tablets" tested and judged on their merits, will send Samples to all who have not seen or tried them. Gratis and post-free. Don't call; but write a letter, or send a post-card, and name "The Penny Illustrated Paper."